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OCTOBER 4, 1966

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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A LETTER TO *Commentary*

JACK E. JONES

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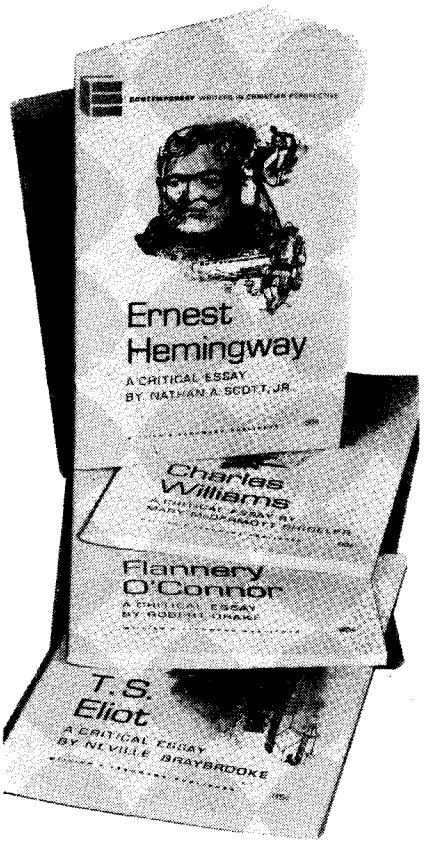

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ We continue our coverage of eternity, which we have discussed over the past year or so as seen by a Catholic *aggiornamentista,* as seen by a "death of God" Protestant theologian, and now as seen by a modern American Jew. **Max Geltman**—historian, profound student of Jewish affairs, and prolific author—describes the chaos of the spiritually dispossessed, the irony of finding *Commentary,* the principal journal of the American Jewish Committee, in the rabbi's chambers. . . . Why irony? Because, says Mr. **Jack E. Jones,** the prestigious *Commentary* has fallen into the habit of publishing morally perplexing ideas. He culls three articles from two issues of the magazine published earlier this year and analyzes them right down to their root idiocy. Mr. Jones's new book, *To the End of Thought,* will be published soon by Random House. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** remarking the shake-up in the German army, goes into the history of German military organization and the meaning of the present troubles. . . . **Elspeth Huxley,** writing from England, files a down-to-the-wire report on the recently concluded Commonwealth Conference. . . . **"Tom Sage"** is the pseudonym of a skilled social critic. He takes us on the 98¢ tour of Sardinia's Emerald Coast, where a few sports are betting $300 million that the tourists will soon come flocking. . . . Two weeks of rain, in Sicily, did not prevent **Alec Waugh** from returning home refreshed. . . . Mr. **Bill Gavin,** a teacher of English and a cool customer, offers his do-it-yourself Handy-Dandy All-Purpose Liberal Make-Up Kit.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** takes up the question, or the various questions, of the Reverend Doctor Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr., whose long and intricate career of staying out of jail and in power may be drawing to a close. Mr. Buckley's *The Unmaking of a Mayor* will be published on Oct. 17. . . . **James Burnham** takes the McLuhan philosophy of media and applies it to "events" on the geopolitical stage. In a very spooky way, he says, modern communications media determine what is and is not, what will or will not succeed, what is fiction (you and I) or fact (Batman). Mr. Burnham's *The War We Are In* will be published early next year. . . . **Frank S. Meyer** notes the recent turn of Negro rhetoric towards open and ugly threats of violence. One-tenth of the population, he says, is in no position to expropriate the goods of nine-tenths of the population. Such talk can only dissipate the good will that the nine-tenths feel towards Negro efforts of betterment. Mr. Meyer's *The Shape of History* is in progress.

➔ Prof. **Jeffrey Hart** takes delight in a collectanea of Malcolm Muggeridge, the British version of A. J. Nock. Like Nock, Muggeridge commands a brilliant prose style; like Nock, he is repelled not so much by Liberalism's intellectual shortcomings as by its affront to good taste, manners, style, and self-respect. . . . Prof. **Guy Davenport,** remarking that one can get a Ph.D. in novel-writing, reviews three by undergrads. . . . Mr. **Fritz Leiber** ranks with Messrs. Heinlein and Sturgeon as one of America's finest sf writers; he reviews, with admiration, Isaac Asimov's recent explication of subatomic physics. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** has no patience with three professorial types whose economic incoherence seems to be a point of pride with them. With his *Wooden Nickels* now in its fourth printing, he is hard at work on a study of the Money Managers. . . . **C. H. Simonds** edits a Midwestern newspaper, and has two cheers for TV's *I Spy.* Hip, hip. ➔

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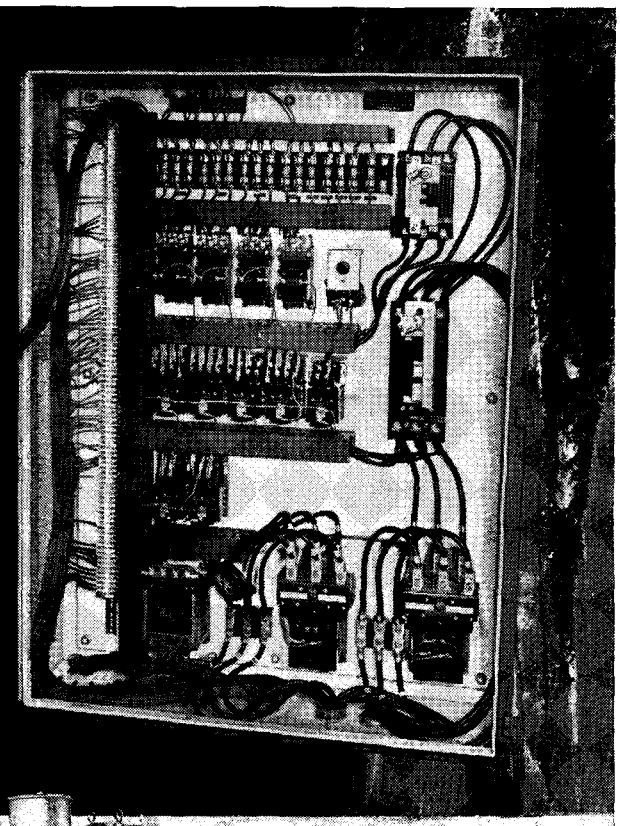

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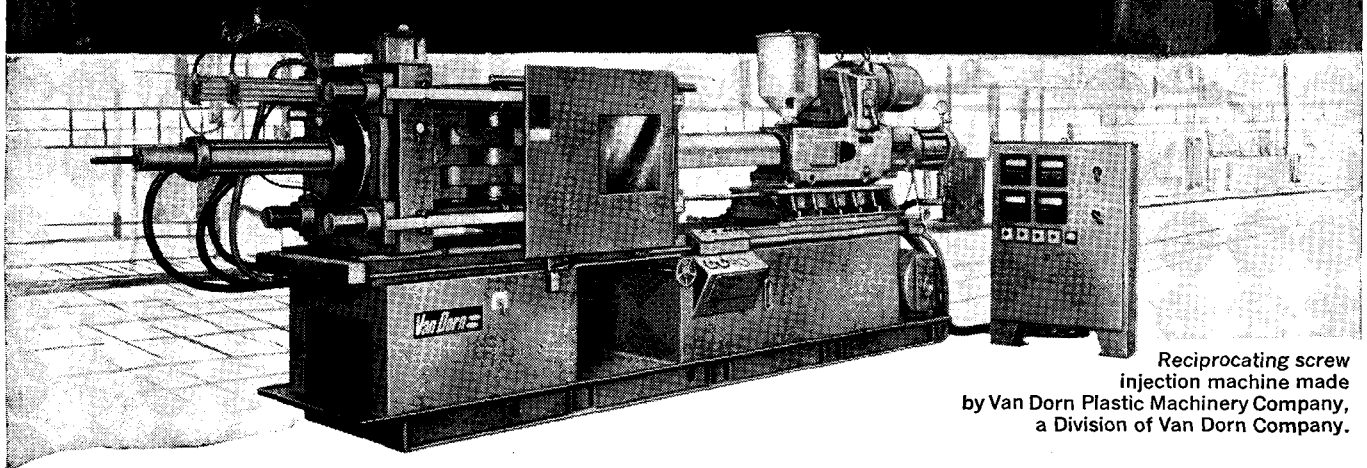

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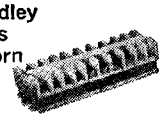

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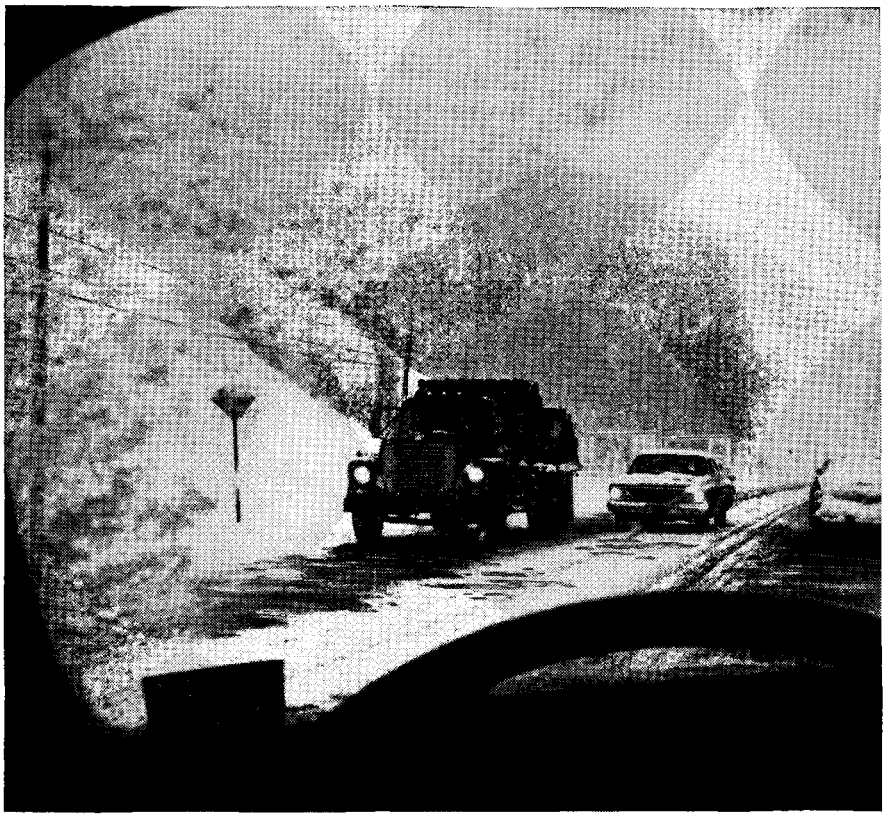

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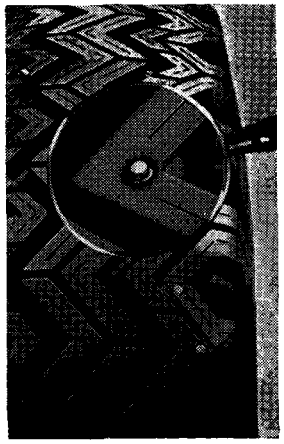

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TO THE EDITOR

'Death of God'

I found Will Herberg's first two articles [Aug. 9, Aug. 23] most illuminating and original in their approach to the discussion of the "God is Dead" theology. He has divorced himself from the actual meaning of the phrase, "God is Dead," and discussed the subject from a state-of-mind viewpoint, based on a phenomenal reality. I agree that "eclipse of God" is an excellent substitution in meaning for the popular phrase, "God is Dead."

I am writing this letter primarily because of the obfuscation I personally found in Article Three [Sept. 6] on the subjects of orthodoxy, facticity, secularism, heresy and real meaning of Christianity.

As a Christian and a Catholic, I disagree with Mr. Herberg, from actual knowledge, that there is not today, even among Catholics, "a firm and self-confident orthodoxy." Many people, as I gather Mr. Herberg does, seem to have the impression that the Ecumenical Council shook the confident faith of many Catholics. I do not believe this is really true. The basis of the orthodoxy

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of the Catholic Church is a belief in the infallibility of the Pope, in matters of dogma, faith and morals. I know not one Catholic who has altered his views in this belief. There are many other examples of orthodoxy which still have the firm self-confident support of believing Catholics. Most of the shake-up in the Catholic Church is on the surface, in external manifestations, and not on orthodoxy.

And I do not at all agree that a heretic may be defined as "but an original mind, a man who thinks for himself and spurns creeds and dogmas." This completely contradicts the definition of "heresy." To be a heretic one must belong to a particular Church. If he deliberately upholds a doctrine varying from that of his Church, or rejects a prescribed doctrine, he is considered guilty of heresy. One cannot, of course, use the term "heresy" indiscriminately applying to a large indefinite population, as Mr. Herberg said. We will all recall when Bishop Pike of the Episcopal Church was called before Church officials on the question of "heresy" regarding his disavowal of belief in the Virgin Birth.

Neither do I agree that a really "secular" man, or a "secular" society "does not exist, has never existed and never can exist." I will agree that probably no human being is entirely free of religiousness. "Secular" in its true meaning can surely be used discriminately, not of course applied to a whole society or a large portion of society. According to my knowledge, "secular" still means (for a man)—"one who rejects every form of religious faith and undertakes to live accordingly;" it is applied to a society, or a portion of society, when that group is "deprived of any semblance of a religious character." I truly believe that the U.S. Supreme Court in 1962, by its decision, secularized our public schools and public education. Dr. Charles Rice in his book, *Supreme Court and Public Prayer*, had this to say: "In the long run, the school prayer decision, if followed, predictably will have the effect of raising agnosticism to the rank of the official public religion of the United States."

And I would like to emphasize that the Catholic Church can truly claim historical facticity, which Mr. Herberg agreed is at the very heart of Christianity.

And once again we have a complete contradiction in terms, in this statement: "The combination of the two, apparently making it possible to be a Christian without God, often proves irresistible." And then there is this added contradiction: "They throw God out the window but keep on with religion, even with Christianity. . . . God may be abandoned but the Christian religion never."

(Continued on p. 1011)

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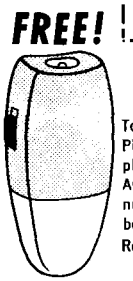

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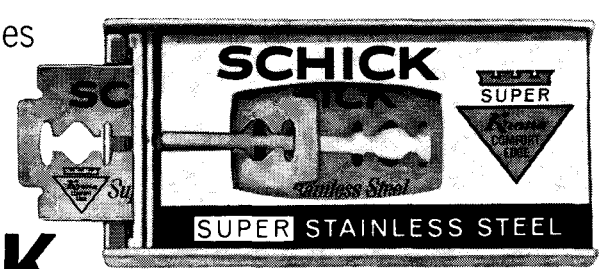

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Calcium Pantothenate	5 mg.	5 mg.
Vitamin B-12 (N.F.)	2 mcg.	2 mcg.

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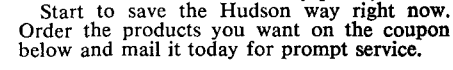

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The WEEK

● Ho hum. A few weeks ago U Thant announced that he would not seek another term as #1 Boy at the United Nations. Oh, so sad it was! The weeping and wailing could be heard all the way to Second Avenue. Now U see um, now U don't. Last week the world's greatest Thant announced that he would serve the UN until a suitable successor is found. Who, hum, is suitabler than U? Will the 117 Nations Of The World allow their Organization to be decapitated? Can U take the U out of UN? The Perils of Pauline were as nothing to this awful suspense. The ho-ing and the humming can be heard all over town.

● The Republican Party has evidently decided to play straight partisan politics with the Vietnam issue. A GOP policy paper—issued September 18 over the signatures of Rep. Gerald Ford, House minority leader; Rep. Melvin Laird, chairman of the Republican conference; and Mr. Charles Goodell, chairman of the GOP Committee on Planning and Research—self-righteously washes from Republican hands the stains of "Johnson's war." Everyone with an objection, doubt, query or sorrow over the fighting in Vietnam will find it smugly echoed in a demagogic sentence or two of this banal document. What no one will discover, even if he reads the entire text under a microscope, is the smallest hint of any specific alternative to the President's policy.

● Has anybody seen our Bomb? The Atomic Energy Commission would like to know. It appears that certain manufacturers, using enriched uranium "leased" to them by the AEC, have consistently lost track of certain quantities over the years—up to 6 per cent of the material handled. The leakage from one plant alone would have been enough to make six bombs of the Hiroshima type. Recent losses of radioactive material in transit have also raised eyebrows. The AEC admits that its control procedures do not allow it to determine whether such disappearing materials are or are not getting into the wrong hands. It has set up a committee to review the AEC procedures both at home and abroad. Hope they get the work done before the problem mushrooms.

● The Reverend Adam Clayton Powell Jr. (see p. 975) may have lost some of the perquisites of office by the time this issue is distributed—indeed, he may find that his committee will not reimburse him his trips to Miami and Puerto Rico at quite the incumbent rate, which is 65 trips per eighteen months. A group of Negro leaders have rather thoughtlessly risen to Adam's defense, alleging that the Committee mobilized to discipline him is racist-motivated, ho hum. The best denunciation of them all was Floyd McKissick's, leader of CORE, who denounced the committee's impending action as "an insult to the integrity of black people." "If we're satisfied with what Adam is doing," said McKissick, laying down a new version of the Golden Rule, "white people ought to mind their own business."

● The United States was prepared to use nuclear weapons against the Communist Chinese in order to end the Korean War, according to former President Eisenhower. In a television interview not without a certain relevance to current affairs, Ike declared that when U.S. casualties in Korea became "intolerable" (135,000), he let it be known that we did not intend to confine ourselves to the use of conventional weapons—which notice brought the Communists to the conference table posthaste. To what extent would we have utilized nuclear weapons? "Enough to win," says Ike.

● "What Would You Do with $40 Million Each Day?" is the title of a leaflet being handed out, to Negroes only, in the streets of Atlanta, Ga. The $40-million figure is what it costs to prosecute the Vietnam war for one day, according to Senator Vance Hartke (D., Ind.). Deploring such waste, the phantom pamphleteer suggests certain alternative uses: the money would buy every black man, woman and child in Atlanta three color TV sets each week or, on a monthly basis, an air-conditioned Mustang and enough fuel to cross the country six times "in style." What could Atlanta Negroes do if they didn't have to pay Senator Hartke's salary? They could buy a lot of gas.

● The reassuring word is that the United States will once again stand up against the admission of Red China into the United Nations. It had been broadly hinted that this would be the year of capitulation; or, as advocates of admission would put it, of "new" approaches to China. The American public feeling as it does on the matter, it is inconceivable that the President of the United States would ever come out in favor of recognition, or even that his representative at the UN should abstain. There are other ways of accomplishing the same thing, and Lyndon Johnson knows them all. It involves, very simply, a

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relaxation of pressure on our allies, a relaxation invisible to the American public, but unmistakable to our allies. Anxiety in pro-Free China quarters had to do with the ambiguous quality of LBJ's opposition this spring and summer. But at the moment, the friends of Free China are guardedly encouraged. If the U.S. brings as much pressure to bear as last year, not only will the motion to invite Red China be defeated, the vote against admission will, reversing a six-year trend, increase. An informed guess would be 50-46 against admission. Needed for admission: two thirds.

● The Administration's idea of fighting inflation is to expropriate the rewards 1) by reducing incentives for expanding the nation's productive plant and 2) hinting at higher taxes on personal incomes. Congress, however, is likely to soften the White House proposals considerably. A hint of congressional thinking is apparent in a remark by Rep. Thomas B. Curtis (R., Mo.) to Treasury Secretary Fowler, who, testifying before the Ways and Means Committee, refused to be specific about Administration ideas for a tax rise after the election. "Go," said Curtis, "go make your speeches elsewhere."

● A bright young English economist, Michael Canes, has written a penetrating comparative study of telephone systems in Britain and the United States, "Telephones—Public or Private," published by the Institute of Public Affairs, in which he finds the American System far more effective because it is decentralized, private, and somewhat competitive, whereas the British system is run by the Post Office and is accountable only to the House of Commons. So bad is British service that the rate of calls per person is less than one-fifth that of the United States —people simply won't be bothered. Seven hundred complaints a week are received on one London exchange of 9,000 subscribers. "Unquestionably, this deficiency damages the nation's commerce," writes Canes. "Ford Motors estimates that the call failure rate costs the company up to £750 a week in executives' wasted time." For this, British consumers have a long wait before they can even get a phone: there isn't sufficient capital to buy new equipment or repair old. "In the past decade or so British telephone growth has been generally behind that of most other industrialized nations," says the author, concluding that Britain ought to try the American system. Meanwhile, of course, the British will nationalize steel.

● Starting from the premise that years of scattershot aid to Africa have ended up winning us few friends and accomplishing few economic transformations, President Johnson moved last spring for a new approach to the problem. He picked Edward M. Korry, a former newspaper and magazine correspondent and for the past three years ambassador to Ethiopia, to make concrete recommendations for more effective use of American aid. The Korry Report, which the President has now okayed, recommends that the United States concentrate its aid on governments that are stable and strong enough to use it effectively or, in some cases on countries that are, by their own composition or geographic position, necessary to the stability of a particular area. Three such countries are Tunisia, the most moderate of the North African Arab states; Ethiopia, headquarters of the Organization of African Unity and spokesman for a number of East African states; and Nigeria which, by its size, composition and potential wealth, cannot be ignored. The new report would concentrate our aid on transportation so that the developing nations can move their produce to market, on agriculture so they will have produce to sell, on communications (in some cases former French and British colonies still communicate telephonically via London or Paris), and on education. Particular care should be taken, says Mr. Korry, not to saddle any of these nations with the kind of prestige products (high dams, freedom palaces, sports arenas) or heavy industries that will unduly strain their economies. One possible weakness in the report: while noting that certain of the new African states are Communist-dominated, or at least Communist-oriented (Congo-Brazzaville, Guinea, Mali), it seems to under-rate the threat of future Communist subversion in Africa.

● "Intersection" is something operated on interfaith lines by a San Francisco Methodist minister who believes in the "exploration and celebration of creativity." The lucky parishioners see underground movies, dances based on the Kama Sutra and "psychedelic experience," and plays put on by Black Nationalists that emphasize the differences between Negroes and whites. "We almost wound up with a race riot after the play ended," said the Rev. Laird Sutton. During another show a dancer took off all his clothes. "I think," said the Rev. Mr. Sutton, "the relationship between the church and art ought to be one of mutual corrosion." Once again, San Francisco leads the nation.

● About 175 young conservatives attended a seminar in Lancaster, Pa. last July, and were polled in due course as to their "camp" as symbolized by "leading spokesmen"—with these results:

Radical traditionalists (Brent Bozell)	8 per cent
Libertarians (Ludwig von Mises)	11 per cent
Objectivists (Ayn Rand)	15 per cent
Traditionalists (Russell Kirk)	32 per cent
Fusionists (Frank S. Meyer)	34 per cent

They were also asked whether they were "incubated"

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conservatives (having adopted their parents' views) or "converted" (having thought their way independently). The point was mooted, about 54 per cent claiming incubation, 46 per cent conversion.

● Comes now the Anonymous Vocative, in which the kindergartners of Elwood School in DeKalb, Illinois may address the Almighty so long as they do not mention His name or adopt a "devotional attitude." The parents of one child had complained that classroom recitation of the simple "Thank you" verse familiar to watchers of children's daytime TV violated their five-year-old's religious freedom. In dismissing their request for a permanent injunction against the use of the actionable lines, a Federal District Court judge solemnly upheld the teacher's contention that, so long as the word "God" was not enunciated, the exercise was not a prayer but a "method of learning graces and manners." So the problem of giving thanks for the flowers so sweet and the food we eat is settled, thank ~~God~~ you. We await next term's bless-our-work crisis.

● In 1964 a California Supreme Court ruled in favor of three Navajos who were found worshiping on peyote. Last week Timothy Leary announced he was founding a new religion called the League of Spiritual Discovery (LSD, get it?). Leary's parishioners would go on marijuana toots daily and one complete round trip a week, assuming, of course, that the courts give their blessings. But this in turn raises the question whether Leary's followers, who before and since he was bounced from Harvard have been mostly students, will have to desist from their religious practices in high school chem labs all over the country. Defeat of the Dirksen Amendment bodes ill for them. However, the Constitution must prevail: where the knee may not be bent, neither may the mind.

We Planned It That Way

The vicissitudes of governmental intervention in economic affairs were never clearer than they are in the proposal of President Johnson to repeal the 7 per cent tax credit for investment in new plant and equipment. His objective is to restrain "inflation," which is defined this week as an undue demand for money. If one of the big factors in this demand is the industrial borrowing that nourishes new investment in equipment, then perhaps we can stifle industrial borrowing by retracting the investment incentive of the 7 per cent tax credit.

Accepting these premises, *arguendo*, let's see what may happen. Companies already committed to expansion will go ahead and invest, even though their tax bills will be higher than they had budgeted. To meet these unexpected taxes they will—borrow! Which is exactly what the President didn't want them to do.

Since the proposal would reinstitute the investment incentive on January 1, 1968, there is a great worry that other businesses will postpone huge quantities of investment until then. Therefore the latter half of 1967 should be terribly depressed in this line of activity. The forecasters have been worrying that 1967 may be a raunchy year anyway; does the President really intend to make things even worse?

But There Is No Peace

Something of a peace drive, in relation to the Vietnam war, seems to be developing. All along, of course, the peacenik and pacifist outfits, together with the Liberal realpoliticos (Senators Fulbright, Morse and Gruening, Professors Morgenthau and Fall, and now Professor Schlesinger and the rest of the Kennedy court intellectuals), have kept a continuous campaign going. But periodically the clamor swells into a more general diapason.

This time the opening of the UN Assembly session is probably the cathartic. U Thant has made disappointment at the Vietnam fighting the main theme —in public statements, at any rate—of his coy foot shuffling before the open door to the Secretary General's office. New professorial committees advocating withdrawal or descalation are announced daily. Mr. Schlesinger writes for peace in the *New York Times* Magazine, and Mr. Richard Goodwin speaks for peace to Americans for Democratic Action. President de Gaulle flew all the way to Cambodia in order to assure world attention to his demand for an American pullout.

It is in this context that Pope Paul, on September 20, issued a dramatic and eloquent encyclical, *Christi Matri*, which the peace bloc hailed as a notable contribution to their cause. As is usual, though, a Papal declaration, however liberal, is a good deal short of Liberal.

As peaceniks and most Liberals elaborate the call for peace in Vietnam, it means an unconditioned withdrawal of American men and arms from Southeast Asia; means, that is, a defeat for the United States and the takeover of at least Soouth Vietnam, at once or in stages, by the Communists. For pacifists,, the goal of peace is absolute—and abstract—and means that each and everyone should stop shooting now and forever. The call for peace that rises from *Christi Matri* is as profound and agonizing as any heard from pacifist quarters. "Let all those responsible strive to bring about those necessary conditions which will lead men to lay down their arms at last,

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ As the primary returns came in, it became evident that the "White Backlash" had finally materialized. In Maryland — where members of Congress and members of their staff live— it carried to victory in the Democratic gubernatorial primary a perennial candidate, George P. Mahoney. Defeated in virtually every statewide Democratic Primary since 1950, he won this time on the slogan, "Your home is your castle—vote to protect it." The message was not lost to his neighbors in Congress.

◆ Analysis of why a civil rights bill failed this year, for the first time in recent history, would have to include these considerations: 1) Minority Leader Everett Dirksen remained firmly opposed to this year's bill, did not reverse his position as in 1964, and without Republican help the votes were not there. 2) The primary elections, as mentioned above, underscored voter opposition to the bill. 3) This bill hit the North, rather than the South hardest, and especially its white working class and white suburban populations. 4) There was no dramatic incident like Selma to spur the Senate. 5) On the other hand, there were the numerous instances of Black Power riots and demonstrations in cities throughout the nation. 6) The civil rights movement itself was split, and SNCC and other groups lobbied against the bill on the grounds that it was too weak. 7) The pressures from organized religious groups, so important in 1964, were not present this year. 8) Then Senator Humphrey was the mover behind the civil rights bill in 1964. This year his replacement as Democratic Whip, Senator Russell B. Long of Louisiana, opposed the bill with his fellow Southerners. The fact that Long usually hews close to the Administration line leads one inevitably to the conclusion that in this year of Black Power the Administration didn't want a civil rights bill any more than Congress.

◆ Up for renewal this year is the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965—the first such bill passed by Congress providing massive across-the-board Federal aid to the schools. It will be renewed without serious opposition, but conservatives do hope to cut the funds to a more realistic level. The inflation scare obviously hasn't hit the members of the House Education and Labor Committee, for they would authorize $2.2 billion for fiscal year 1967 (the Administration requested $1.6 billion), and $3.6 billion the following year. And the Senate subcommittee's version is even wilder, costing nearly $4 billion the first year alone. An even greater threat, though, is contained in Title III of the bill, which concentrates in the U.S. Commissioner of Education the sole power to determine which school districts are to receive funds and which education purposes are to be favored. Rather than arrest this threat to local educational independence, the renewed legislation would increase both the cost and the scope of Title III, converting it into a construction bill and giving the Commissioner power to determine what constitutes crowding in classrooms and racial imbalance in a school system.

◆ President Johnson, in his State of the Union Address, gave emphasis to removal of "the special tariff restrictions which are a barrier to increasing trade between East and West." There was so much congressional opposition, however, that his party's top congressional leadership advised him to hold off until next year, and the matter was forgotten—at least on Capitol Hill. The State Department, however, is pushing ahead on the propaganda front. Last month it published, at taxpayer's expense of course, a slick twenty-page booklet on "Private Boycotts *vs.* the National Interest." A blanket indictment is made of all activities by private citizens against trade with the Soviet bloc: they are all "against the interests of the United States." And one highly recommended remedy for the low volume of trade with East Europe turns out to be President Johnson's proposed "East-West Trade Relations Act," which would authorize him to extend the most-favored-nation tariff treatment to Communist countries at his discretion.

—CATO

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before it becomes too late to do so, owing to the pressure of events. . . . We cry to them in God's name to stop. . . . A settlement should be reached now, even at the expense of some inconvenience or loss, for it may have to be made later in the train of bitter slaughter and involve great loss."

But Pope Paul does not fail to remember, as the peace bloc tends or chooses to forget, that peace is not in and of itself the sole or supreme good. "This peace," he adds carefully—for it is the function of an encyclical letter to instruct as well as exhort men—"must rest on justice and the liberty of mankind, and take into account the rights of individuals and communities."

Peace in Vietnam, then, at the price of the extinction of liberty and justice in South Vietnam, perhaps in all Southeast Asia? The text of *Christi Matri* will not serve as argument for the affirmative.

The Presence of Marcos

President Ferdinand E. Marcos of the Philippines came to America on an extended visit, bringing with him the kind of attitude toward our engagement in Vietnam, and information about it, that the domestic opponents of that engagement wish he had left at home. There was, for example, his emphatic endorsement of the U.S. program of military and civic action there, and his assurance that both are welcomed by the free nations of Southeast Asia. There was his encouragement of a broader U.S. commitment

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to Asia, based on the progress that has been made in that region against Communism and Communist-aligned neutralism in the last two years. In a much overlooked statement Marcos told the Congress, "I personally know for a fact that the American presence in Vietnam provided—though quite unintentionally—encouragement and support to those who successfully resisted the attempted Communist takeover in Indonesia. It is certain that the U.S. Seventh Fleet in the China Sea as well as American airpower in the area rendered inoperative the so-called 'Peking-Jakarta Axis' which the Indonesian Communist Party might otherwise have invoked in the extremity of its disastrous debacle in Java."

"In effect, and almost without realizing it," Marcos continued, "we are even now already reaping valuable dividends from the American presence in Vietnam. Those benefits are certain to multiply as the non-Communist neighbors of China understand that their security is guaranteed by the umbrella of American power. The assurance that has been given by President Johnson that this protection will not suddenly be withdrawn tomorrow, thus leaving them to the mercy of Chinese Communism, is an indispensable factor in maintaining the stability of Southeast Asia."

On "Meet the Press," Marcos countered the war critics who have been propounding the inefficacy of the U.S. bombing raids on North Vietnam. "From all reports," he said, "the prisoners that have been taken by the South Vietnamese and allied forces say that one of the things they fear most is bombing."

Q. "Do you think it would be a mistake to stop now?"

MARCOS. "Yes."

Marcos also suggested that Asian-to-Asian diplomacy might succeed better than notes from Dean Rusk in bringing Hanoi to a peaceful settlement. The new Indonesia, he hinted, might be glad to act as an intermediary "but not publicly." That would be the Asian way of doing things. "One elementary fact of American history," he reminded Congress, "is that the United States was a Pacific power long before it became an Atlantic power." In other words, according to this wise Asian statesman, the Asian way is our way.

Alas, Poor Yorick!

Something significant to senators happened to the Mark-1966 civil rights bill on its way to the top of the senate calendar. Lots and lots of voters, who in the mass had never been enthusiastic about still another civil rights model, made known their hardening opposition. The voters were most of all against the open housing provision, even in the softened form adopted by the House. But a considerable majority of citizens are by now kind of against any more laws of any sort about civil rights, having been observing in their communities this summer what all those adopted in recent years seem to have led to.

To fill the electoral pot to overflowing, the civil rights organizations themselves—SNCC and CORE and SCLC and everything else save only NAACP—turned against the 1966 bill as, black power-wise, a fraud and sham. Their representatives drew disheartened groans from the bill's champions by appearing at committee hearings to testify harshly *against* adoption. So just about nobody except us old-fashioned dreamers of Americans for Democratic Action, American Civil Liberties Union and AFL-CIO council were really in there rooting.

Senator Everett Dirksen, the civil rights anchor man, had, what with a summer's reflection, second thoughts; and, as he put it, it was "No Dice" on the open housing clause. Theoretically that clause might have been dissected and the remainder patched up and passed. But no one had the energy left so near election day. The Southerners didn't even have to filibuster much. Liberal Senators got enough into print for campaign purposes. Senator Mansfield as majority leader moved closure twice (to clear the President's record), confident he would lose. As Senator Dirksen explained accurately in advance: "I don't think we'll get the closure"—i.e. he had decided not to support it, and without his support it couldn't get the required two-thirds. On September 19, Mr. Mansfield pronounced the obsequies, and the corpse was laid to rest.

But don't worry, folks. Coming up six months from now will be the brand new, brighter, bigger, 50,000-mile guaranteed Civil Rights Bill, Mark-1967.

Underdeveloped Manhattan

You've got to hand it to a fellow who can provoke Senator Robert F. Kennedy into objecting to a federal handout. Leave it to Mayor John Lindsay at the first day's hearings before a Senate subcommittee investigating "the crisis in our cities." New York has got to get $50 billions ($50,000,000,000.00) more in federal funds to have a chance to become a "livable and exciting place in which to live," said JVL. (He did not specify what percentage for "livable" and what for "exciting"—many New Yorkers tell us it's pretty exciting if you have to be on the streets after midnight.) Without federal cash, "the cities just can't make it." "Totally unrealistic," snarled or snapped Bobby. "The Federal Government is not going to increase its aid to New York City at that rate."

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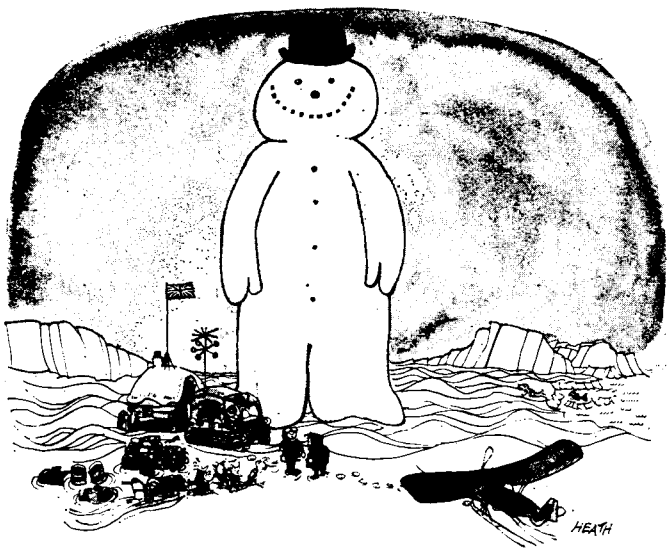
One may agree, one can in fact hardly doubt, that there is a "crisis in our cities." And one may sympathize with Mr. Lindsay for "having to go back some 3,000 years to the Old Testament and the plagues which were visited on the Egyptians" when he sought "a comparison for what has been happening in New York over the past few years." The comparison is apt enough, but federal money, though shipped in by the ton, will never work the miracle of lifting the plagues from the suffering citizens.

The City is the highest, most concentrated social form developed by men: the entrepot for the exchange of goods, the center for finance and administration, for the arts, sciences, wealth, graces, recreations and follies of a civilization. If the City cannot stand on its own feet, what can sustain it? True enough, in the super-nations of our epoch, the major cities perform functions for the nation as a whole, even for much of the world; and for these they should be compensated: New York should expect one way or another to be repaid for the cost of being host to the United Nations, or serving as an international transit point. But Mayor Lindsay is really proposing not to save but to liquidate his city, to reduce it to the level of a neo-colonialized underdeveloped nation subsisting on doles of foreign aid. Financed by the Federal Government, there is no true, autonomous city, but only another province of a central bureaucracy.

Even on this basis, neither $50 billion nor $500 billion from the outside would make New York a "livable and exciting place." At the hearing the Mayor proved not so good with exact figures, but with much laughter from all present he guessed that New York was *already* getting "something over a half billion and something under a billion" (what's a half billion more or less among statesmen?) from Washington. The next day the figure was narrowed down to $840 million more or less. Has this gigantic sum done anything to make New York more livable? The exact reverse. New York livability has declined in almost point by point correlation with the increase of federal dole. Nor is this either accident or mere coincidence. It is the easy federal money—which does not show *directly* on the tax bills New Yorkers pay—that encompasses and permits the city to leave its problems unsolved: to fail to meet the challenge of the labor monopolies that are strangling the city's economy, or of the suffocating traffic, or of the graft and crime. Moreover, the more easy money there is in the till, the more inducement for candidates for welfare and subsidized housing and medical care to flock in to get their chunk. A chance to make money by productive work attracts the ambitious, creative and responsible outlanders—the citizens who fatten the public purse instead of draining it—and can also stimulate the backward. Easy handout money, by the nature of the case, is honey for the drones.

There is one thing, though, the worst of our cities are still good for: political demagogy, as the President demonstrated on his visit to upper New York and the Northeast. "None of the urban problems are more shameful than the conditions which permit some people to line their pockets with the tattered dollars of the poor. . . ." One wonders whether Mayor Lindsay would settle for 50 billion *tattered* dollars?

Punch — Ben Roth Agency



"It gets a bit boring at times, but we usually find something to occupy us."

Balthazar Vorster

We wish we had a special insight, or inside information, concerning the new prime minister of South Africa. The general press has done nothing much more than to play the South African Blues, a haunting melody to be sure, but greatly in need of fresh improvisations. It is known about Vorster that he is a lawyer, that he was fanatically neutralist during the Second World War—indeed he was charged with pro-Nazism, though that should not be taken seriously, it being the tendency everywhere to charge with sympathy for the enemy those who oppose military action against a particular country (Lindbergh was said to be "pro-Nazi"); above all, that he has been the ruthless suppressor of internal dissent, and author of the repressive law on account of which South Africa has been held up in scorn and obloquy.

The editor and the publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW interviewed Mr. Vorster at his offices in Pretoria in November of 1962 and spent an hour or so with him just after the first "house arrests" brought Vorster's

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name to the attention of the world. At that time, Mr. Buckley wrote:

"In South Africa the government recently decided to go after their local Communists, whose operations in that tinderbox are clearly and immediately dangerous to the state. The Communist Party had been outlawed already, in 1950, and additional repressive legislation was passed last year. Here's how they did it. A 'Liquidator' (no counter-Bolshevist pun was intended) was appointed in 1950 who drew up a list of persons who, on the strength of their activities as known to security officials, were probably Communists. Each person was written to privately, and advised that his name would go on the so-called Banned List. All those who objected could demand to know the reasons why they were on the list; and, if they deemed those reasons insufficient, appeal to a court of law against the Liquidator's ruling. But the burden of proof was on them.

"Subsequently a committee took over from the Liquidator. That committee, composed of a retired judge and two retired civil servants, constantly peruses intelligence reports on the activities of the members of the Banned List, and initiates recommendations to the Minister of Justice on how to cope with refractory individual agitators. The committee is authorized to make four recommendations: 1) that the individual be warned to behave himself; 2) that he be forbidden to participate in any public political activity; 3) that he be confined to his area; and 4) and most severe, that he be confined to his home for as many as five years.

"All hell broke loose in South Africa a couple of weeks ago when, for the first time, the Minister of Justice did just that—accepted the recommendation of the Committee and placed eight persons in house arrest. The opposition press went mad with delight at the opportunity to criticize the government, and the press around the world chimed in. I did not see anywhere in any English-language newspaper in South Africa an account of the procedural framework of the anti-subversive laws, which I finally got from the Minister himself. There had been no mention of the committee, or of the notification to the members of the Banned List, or of their rights to appeal their appearance on it. 'What am I supposed to do?' asked Mr. Vorster (who was himself interned during the war by the British on account of his belligerent neutralism). 'Wait until South Africa is a battleground, before using those instruments for countering the agitators that Parliament has set up for just these purposes?' "

The discussion did not touch on apartheid—the visitors were glad to have a single conversation in South Africa that didn't focus on that problem; and they did not, therefore, walk away with any notion of the depth of Mr. Vorster's attachment to that strange and probably unworkable ideal. One can only hope that Premier Vorster will take an early opportunity to relax at least those provisions of apartheid that are unnecessary to the maintenance of that law and order which Mr. Vorster is consecrated to keeping. One would hope that at least until he has made clear his course, he will be given a hearing, though it is of course unlikely that the United Nations, now convened, will devote its attention to any of the major tyrannies in the world, preferring instead to spend its undiscriminating moral passions on the most orderly and prosperous nation in the continent of Africa.

John Cournos, RIP

"The good healer, Time," John Cournos wrote in one of his novels, "wears pain down to beauty." But Time had gathered most of his friends before he became the wonderfully peppery old man, with more disarray to his patriarchal hair than Einstein, that his young friends will remember. Cournos wrote—novels, an autobiography, poetry, reviews, books about John Adams and Roger Williams for children. At 85, he was still rising before dawn to write. The times have paid no great heed to his writing, which was always sincere and diligent, always generated by an idealism that in our days seemed impossible and perhaps helplessly old fashioned. It was, however, a pure idealism; he kept his flame. Those of us who cherished his talk knew that he had introduced that brilliant and tragically slaughtered sculptor Henri Gaudier-Brzeska to Ezra Pound, thereby germinating much of what will last of American art in our time. We knew that he had dined with Amy Lowell, Richard Aldington, John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, Ford Madox Ford, Allen Upward. It was to him that Hilda Doolittle turned in her distress. As the literary biographies appear, we find John Cournos everywhere, always as a friend, always as a quiet but persistent force, helping, arranging, reviewing. He came to the United States from Russia when he was ten. At 35 he was in the thick of the London Vorticists, the Imagists, the New Poetry. He outlived the fame that he acquired in the Twenties and Thirties—he was too normal, healthy, and sane to figure in the essentially melodramatic account of belle-lettres maintained by the American press. Though he kept in the thick of things right to the last—reviewing for Philadelphia and New York papers, compiling anthologies, writing poems as out of date as a kerosene lamp—he was to most of us a spry gentleman known to have read every word published about Shakespeare, known to have moved in a world that is by now officially historical and a bit legendary, the world of H.D. and Yeats and Eliot and Wyndham Lewis. At 86, a few weeks before his death, he responded to an article in *Time* on the perils of middle age by dashing off a letter to say that he rose at four every morning and got ahead with his fifty-

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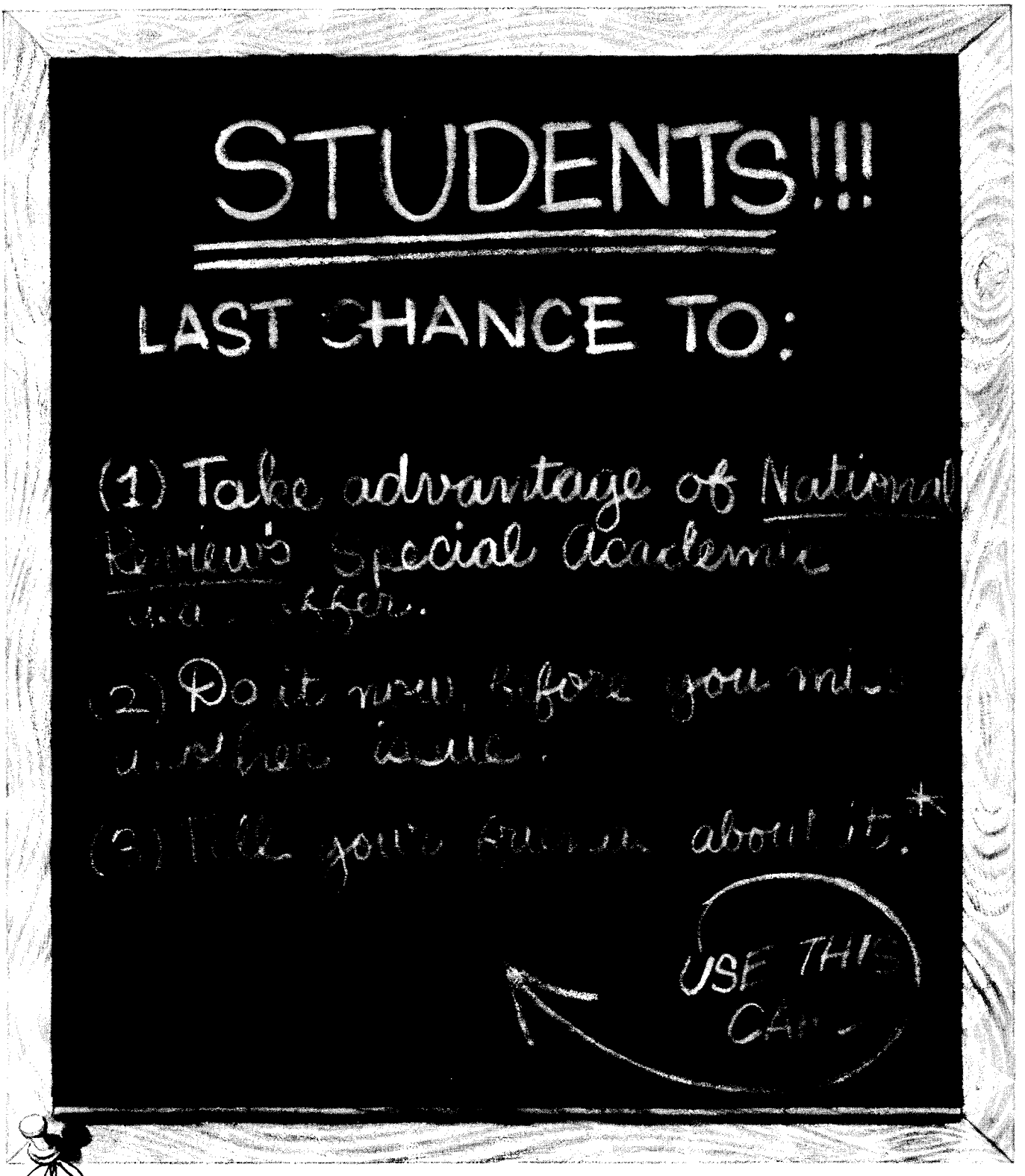

* If **you** have student friends (or are a parent or relative of a student), we hope you will not miss this final opportunity to make sure that the student **you** care about has **National Review** this year. It can be an invaluable help in and out of the classroom. And you can send **National Review** for the current academic year for only $3.89 (a savings of $2.35!). Do it now, so as not to miss another issue. The postpaid card facing this page will speed your reply. Drop it in the mail **today.**

P.S. GIFTS WELCOMED

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eighth book. Privately he sent word to his friends that he was a bit shaky but that the exhilaration of sitting down to a clean sheet of paper, pen in hand, was greater than he had ever known before.

G. DAVENPORT

Valerie Percy, R I P

At the end of a summer disgraced by unprecedented murders comes the horrible death of Illinois Republican Charles Percy's daughter. There are no words to deal with the sudden, evil, meaningless destruction of a young life. It is a thing for poetry and for silence. The Elizabethans could deal with such things; in their universe of splendor and violence, such things were acceptable, common (ay, madam, it is common). There was a castle called Kenilworth in those days where, in July 1575, the Queen's favorite, Lord Dudley, entertained Elizabeth at "excessive cost." At the Queen's first entry "a small floating island illuminated by a great variety of torches . . . made its appearance upon the lake," upon which, clad in silks, were the Lady of the Lake and two nymphs, and for the several days of her stay "rare shews and sports were exercised there." Not long after, Lord Dudley's young wife, the beautiful Amy Robsart, was murdered in the house; it is from this story that Kenilworth achieved its fame. It was the way of their world. And so play-goers could see Ophelia extinguished in her youth and innocence, terrible among her flowers, and the play went on. Youth, beauty, the sceptred race, the form divine, every virtue, every grace, fantastic garlands, blood, extinction. It was an evil age which saw these things; its records seem to describe actions and motives as mysterious as those of wild beasts in an impenetrable jungle; but we are closer to the Elizabethans than we had thought. How long did it take to purge that society of its blood-letting? How long after the summer of 1966 will it take us?

Notes and Asides

Our friends at the Conservative Book Club have released the results of a membership opinion survey conducted several months ago. It is the only current survey explicitly addressed to conservatives and may be considered extremely accurate because of its statistical controls; more accurate, indeed, than the Gallup Poll. The results offer some interesting—and surprising—clues as to what conservatives are thinking:

If, in 1968, it's Johnson-Humphrey versus Romney-Lindsay most conservatives would defect from the GOP: 71 per cent would vote for third party conservatives or write in candidates; 6 per cent would stay home; 2 per cent vote for Johnson-Humphrey; only 20 per cent vote for Romney-Lindsay. On the other hand, if it's Johnson-Humphrey versus Nixon-Ford, 80 per cent would stick with the GOP, which tends to substantiate the prediction that Nixon would inherit Goldwater's support. But it remains Goldwater's support, since Nixon got only 6 votes to Goldwater's 518 on the most-admired-conservative question. Willingness to support Nixon in a pinch, however, appears to contradict the common charge against conservatives as unwilling to compromise for political gains; while on the other hand, the utter willingness to defect from a Liberal-dominated GOP should give Republican leaders pause for thought.

Other results 1) *Who is your favorite conservative writer?* John Chamberlain 59; Barry Goldwater 57; James Burnham 57; M. Stanton Evans 31; Taylor Caldwell 30; Henry J. Taylor 27; David Lawrence 27; Morrie Ryskind 26; Russell Kirk 26. 2) *What is your favorite periodical? NR* 332; *Human Events* 203; *U.S. News* 194; *American Opinion* 33, *Reader's Digest* 23; *Time* 23. 3) 36 per cent approve of the John Birch Society "on the whole;" 22 per cent consider it "the most valuable conservative group;" 22 per cent believes that there are many good sound conservatives in the JBS while at the same time flatly disapproving of the leadership; 17 per cent think it is harmful to the conservative cause "on the whole;" 4 per cent believe it is "made up of political extremists who are not true conservatives." 4) 62 per cent think conservatives should quit "wasting time" arguing among themselves; 38 per cent think such controversies are healthy.

NR has been on newsstands for a very long time, but only relatively recently on some of the most coveted stands, at airports, train terminals, that kind of thing. And it is, *e.g.* the exemplary stand photographed below, being given an excellent display. Good opportunity to nudge your friend into buying a copy, thank you very much, thank you.

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ON THE RIGHT

Powell: One More Try

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

There is a lot to be said for the seniority system in Congress and a lot to be said against the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell Jr.; and the question now is, which of the two national commitments should be given precedence? Granted there are any number of concrete reasons to justify congressional action to remove Mr. Powell from his position of authority as chairman of the Education and Labor Committee. The reasons being advanced by a group headed by the hero from Florida, Congressman Sam Gibbons, are that Mr. Powell is using, or rather abusing, his powers as chairman in order to play all kinds of grubby politics; that he is dispensing favors here, withholding them there, pushing that piece of legislation, dragging his feet on that other piece of legislation; hiring this man and firing the other, all according to that intricate pattern of ideological and personal self-service which, if only he had lived to observe it, would have provided the raw material for a masterpiece by Machiavelli.

Buckley

Actually, the reasons for moving against Mr. Powell go further. Congress is disposed to move against him because no one else appears to be able to do so. A few years ago the Internal Revenue Service arrived at the impudent conclusion that the national tax laws were intended to cover Mr. Powell, too. Mr. Powell replied to this affront by coming out for Eisenhower in 1956, thoroughly confusing the two-party system. Mr. Eisenhower having won re-election, Mr. Eisenhower's Justice Department coincidentally attempted furtively to quash the grand jury proceedings against Powell; but the eyes of a few vigilantes were upon the proceedings, and a runaway grand jury all but took over and handed down a blistering indictment. Mr. Powell retaliated by hiring the court of last resort, big-time jailbreaker Edward Bennett Williams, who sprang Mr. Powell in a walk. The Justice Department, visibly exhausted, gave up.

Next came the civil courts, which for several years now have been trying to make Mr. Powell pay over a judgment awarded to a lady he had libeled. Powell has made great sport of judge after judge, and sometimes one has the impression that the entire New York judicial system is engaged in round-the-clock efforts to apply the civil code to Mr. Powell; only to find that Adam is bigger than all of them. What obviously went wrong dates back to the Philadelphia Convention, at which a special clause should have been added to the Constitution to the effect that Adam Clayton Powell Jr. would be illegal.

Adam the Junketeer

Meanwhile, back in Washington, Mr. Powell was busily engaged, as ever, in hedonism, junketing around the world with curvaceous amanuenses, while maintaining a wife in Puerto Rico to whom he pays $18,000 per year out of congressional funds and whose usefulness to the United States is somewhat less than that of Madame de Gaulle, who at least pays the U.S. a visit every few years and spends a dollar or two in this country, thus stimulating commerce.

So far as is known, Mrs. Powell, who is supposed to work on the congressman's staff, hasn't ever been in Washington since she got married and thereupon qualified for her high salary. And now, on top of it all, the lady charges that the checks aren't actually being paid over to her, but are being redirected to—the principal architect, and practitioner, of the plan for fighting poverty by the use of government funds, her reverend husband.

All in all, a bit much, even for the hardest stomachs in town, which are at Capitol Hill. But Adam Clayton Powell is anything but defenseless, and already he had broadcast his view that he is being persecuted because he is a Negro. That is nothing at all new. It is the constant refrain, every time it is suggested that Powell consider subscribing to the normal, or at least conventionally abnormal, rules of human conduct. But the charge is dynamic, and now the rumor is that the President of the United States will directly intercede in Mr. Powell's behalf, greatly fearing that if Powell should actually be dispossessed in the next couple of months Negro voters will retaliate on Election Day. It is not absolutely obvious just how they would retaliate, since Representative Gibbons is counting on a coalition of Democrats and Republicans to diminish the powers of Chairman Powell; but perhaps the Democrats would be blamed.

The President's sway with Congress is of course formidable, and no doubt he will be arguing that the Democratic Party will be singled out for Negro vengeance, that Adam Powell will be driven even further than he has already elected to go, into the arms of the Black Power movement, that at the very least action should be postponed until the next Congress assembles. Representative Gibbons is not in a mood to delay—he calls for freedom now from Adam Clayton Powell Jr., and if he wins this one, he will no doubt be carried to Valhalla on the shoulders of a citizenry who have been raised over two generations to believe that one might as well rail against the swelling of the tides, as against the cyclical effronteries of Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

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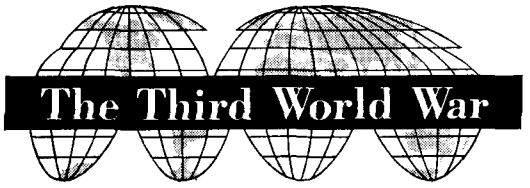

JAMES BURNHAM

Howdy, Neighbor

A metaphor is only a metaphor, and has a right to plead the Fifth under too severe cross-examination. When Professor Marshall McLuhan tells us that electronics have transformed all the earth into a "global village," he has done his semantic duty; we have enough to chew on without calling for seconds.

Burnham

For is it not true — if we are willing to look where he is pointing — that radio, TV, tickers, telephones, telex and an electronically serviced press make us all neighbors clustered around the village common? In no time everybody knows everything, as in every village: fortune and misfortune, birth, wedding, scandal, death. We are all *there* when it happens, or if we aren't our wife or cousin can give us a first-hand report, because it's happening just across the room or down the street, right before our eyes and ears. We attend the funeral, see the speaker smile or shout, land at the airport, wince as the bombs fall, hear the breathing in the space suit, join the members as Parliament opens, sway with the glamorous throng at the nightclub or charity ball, take part in the midnight riot and looting, picket the courtroom, watch the killer killed. Naturally we village neighbors call each other by our first names, except in the case of the grandest of the elders—and even them we first-name when they are out of the room. We spend our evenings—and our womenfolk much of their days as well—spinning out the folk tales of the folk heroes and villains we have known since infancy. Nobody lives further away than we can call to.

Along this bearing the metaphor uncovers a rich vein of analogies, but the yield drops quickly if we branch to either side. In two critical respects the global village of our electronic day is utterly unlike the local village of our fathers. The inhabitants of the local village were, with respect to village affairs, both *active* and *responsible*. It was the villagers themselves who did what had to be done—raised and distributed the food, educated the children, built the houses, cared for the sick, kept order, buried the dead. When something went wrong, everyone knew or soon found out that some specific ne'er-do-well or hothead or shrew had done it and was to be held accountable. But we neighbors in our global village are passive and irresponsible. It is "they" who are doing things and who, if indeed anyone, are accountable—"they," those shadows on the screen, voices in the box, names in the printed columns. Surely no one could expect *us* to provide the food and houses and medicines and cars and planes and computers and rockets that our village needs, or blame *us* for the crimes and wars and riots and revolutions!

Master of the Electrons

In every revolution and coup of our day, the primary strategic post at stake is the radio-TV broadcasting center. When we learn who controls the transmitters, we know the probable victor. Everywhere except for the United States and (partially) one or two other Anglo-Saxon nations, the Power guards radio-TV as an absolute monopoly, and even in the U.S. it is under the Power's close supervision. For not only are electronic communications the key to control of our village, the key to history; they *are* history. History is what is there, in the communications media, and what is not there does not exist, historically speaking. What is "the civil rights movement," what *could* it be, apart from the media? The Montgomery bus strike that began its history, the march on Selma that brought it top billing, would have been nothing but a local bus strike and a local marching if it were not for the media; nothing would have constituted them part of a "movement" of historical significance. (In truth, the Selma march would never have taken place even as a local non-historical event if it had not been conceived beforehand as scenes in the global media.) They would have had no "resonance"; the ripples would have damped out a few miles from the splash. So too with the Vietnam peacenik movement. The absence of a native "liberation movement" in South Africa is equivalent, very nearly, to the enforced absence of TV in South Africa; in spite of the deaths, the Sharpeville affair, unlike Selma, simply vanished from significant history.

Being and Non-Being

There was no world opinion when there were no electron-speed world communications media. No one outside a few city blocks would have known anything about monks burning themselves up in Saigon. Historically, these immolations that smashed a regime and nearly gave Southeast Asia to the Communists had their sole existence in the media. There have been bloody revolts in Africa.

More people have simultaneously been getting killed in the Chad-Sudan border region, no reporters, cameras or microphones have been there, and *nothing* has been happening. Who can even conceive of a political leader today who had never appeared, and refused to appear, on TV? The political leader *is* the face on the screen and front page, the voice on the loudspeaker. Even the cosmopolitan press gave Gertrude Berg's obit twice the space of Turkish President Gursel's. It is not Batman but you and I who are the fictions. The media are not reporting, recording, commenting on or even distorting history; they *are* history.

Riding a spirited idea, one is tempted to spur it too fast and too far, no doubt; but it may be literally true that the communications revolution brought by electronic technology will prove the most fateful of all the many revolutions of our epoch.

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The Jewish Affirmation

The Faith of the Prophets has gone the way of a social eschatology, says the author, which is no solution to the complexities of being Jewish

MAX GELTMAN

When the Right Reverend John Robinson, Suffragan Bishop of Woolwich, declared in 1963 that "Our Image of God Must Go," he started a controversy in ecclesiastical and popular circles in England that made him a best-selling author in an area where books are usually consulted but not bought or read. Of course, he and some of his Anglican colleagues came to that conclusion because they felt that the Church had failed to keep up with the latest developments in sex, delinquency, and social protest. When the message crossed the Atlantic, the Episcopal cousins of the Anglican divines drew the conclusion that if the times were awry—if boys grew their hair to shoulder-length, and Negroes were denied their civil rights in the fever belt of the Mississippi Delta—then God must go. It seems never to have occurred to the framers of this monumental non sequitur that if religion *had* failed its parishioners, it was not for lack of social causes to be engaged in, but for that sheer lack of spiritual faith it is the business of the professionals in the Church—priest, rabbi and minister—to espouse and to nurture. When the Bishop no longer believes in God, why should the parishioner go to church? The notion that priest and rabbi go into the streets with the demonstrating mobs in order to be part of the *Zeitgeist* fails to take into account the fact that if religion is in crisis, if it has failed to fulfill man's spiritual needs, it is perhaps more a reflection of its attempts to keep up with the times than to ignore them.

Some of the same Godless theologians who today invoke the names of the prophets, especially Isaiah, Micah and Amos, are just the ones who understand the prophets least. Isaiah did not call for an accommodation with the harlotries, debaucheries and moral breakdown he found in Jerusalem—and elsewhere. Nor was he the pastoral pacifist his latter-day disciples have tried to make him out to be, but a highly moral man who defied the trends of his time and called for a return to the old virtues, the eternal truths, for only by them, he preached, could man be truly free to gain that Kingdom where the lamb would lie down with the lion, and in which man would know war no more.

> *". . . If I were asked to furnish the names of people whom I would like to see as representative spokesmen for American Jewry, I would have to decline, modestly, because there are just no spokesmen for a community made up of the most proudly patriotic and the most totally subversive, of the devout and the irreligious, of the holy and the profane; a people, by and large, still as proud and as stiff-necked as the Lord God Jehovah found them in the desert; a people hard to define because they get their individualism from the phophets (Jeremiah) and their collectivism from their apostates (Marx). There are times when they worship the idolatries of the latter more than they do the affirmations of the former; when they envy (and easily accumulate) the fleshpots of the world; when they elevate their detractors and calumniate their defenders . . ."*

In a very deep sense the ancient prophets were the least ecumenical of men. At the same time they could preach that the road to God was easy to follow and open to all. After all, what is so complex about the idea embodied in the words *love, mercy* and *justice* that man, in his sophistication, should fail to grasp them? But in religion, as in art and life, the simplest things are the hardest to come by. And those who sometimes make the road to God more tortuous than it need be are the rabbis and priests themselves.

Many of the new ministers of fear —fear of the Bomb, fear of the war in Vietnam, and fear of the very world they live in—have gone scurrying to the newest texts in sociology and psychology to seek a way out of their faith. Bishops though they are, they fail to understand the teaching of the prophets and the words of the Lord who did not choose His people to bestow benefactions upon them, to reward them with cookies for having chosen the One God, but rather—as Amos records—"You only have I known of all the families of the earth; therefore will I visit upon you all your iniquities." That is why, when the Nazis burned the Jews by the millions, most of them went to their death with the word of God on their lips, while Pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer, having small experience of death, did not really understand his martyrdom at the hands of the beasts, and left a legacy of torment and despair doubting the very existence of God.

There is no doubt that many of the newer school of "death of God" theologians in America and their more frivolous forerunners in England —merrie England where the crank, the eccentric, has always found a home in the Church—are indebted to Bonhoeffer's "Letters and Papers from Prison" for their disenchantment with formal religion. Others merely reflect the turbulent temper of the times and are enchanted by what seems, to them, the daring novelty of it all.

We have heard it all before. Suddenly one recalls the derring-do of the Episcopal Bishop of Arkansas, the Right Reverend William Montgomery Brown who, some forty years ago, had his battle with the faith. By the time his ecclesiastical controversy

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with the Church fathers was over he had been unfrocked; only he refused to doff the vestments of his office and went on to write a little book, *Communism and Christianism,* which sold hundreds of thousands of copies and stood until the advent of Bishop Robinson's *Honest to God* as a sort of monument to theological absurdity and social nonsense. But Bishop Brown's anti-capitalist passion was as great as his passion for the anti-God. I remember him—tall and forbidding, with a turned-around collar, his hands encased in smooth black kid gloves—come to our neighborhood on the East Side of New York in the very early Thirties to preach to us about the need to "abolish God from the sky and the capitalists from the earth." Why, we asked ourselves, if he doesn't like God and finds Him an agent of Wall Street: why, if Stalin was the true vicar of God on earth (that is exactly what he preached!)—why, then, doesn't he just straighten his collar and come clean? Had a rabbi pulled that kind of stunt on us we would have mocked him with open ridicule.

Jews Felt Abandoned

Perhaps it was ignorance of the causes of the Great Depression that brought the Bishop's final apostasy. But just as some men then leaped from the high windows of their secular edifices, so did some men then of God leap from the high pulpits of their faith into the gutter of radical politics—and for the same reason: fear. Fear of the unknown and the unknowable, as if it were ever meant for men to know all.

Three hundred years before the American and Anglican theologians of the anti-God had borrowed a religion of despair from a young pastor in a Nazi concentration camp, the Jews of Europe were brought to the brink of disaster by the fanatical Sabbatai Zevi who, on the eve of the apocalyptic year 1666, declared himself the Messiah come to redeem Israel and the world from the Gehenna of the earth. The remnant of East European Jewry was in deep despair. The Jews were a remnant then, as they are now, in that part of the world, since in 1648-49, in a single year, almost a third of the Jewish population of the Polish Ukraine had been massacred by the hordes of the Cossack hetman Bogdan Chmelnitsky. Jewish spiritual life was at an ebb. It looked as if God had turned His face from His people forever. The last echoings of the chiliastic fanatics of the late Middle Ages could still be heard from the dark forests of central Europe. The year 1666 with the symbolic sign of the beast embedded in its numerals created anxiety and agitation in the hearts of Christians as well as Jews.

The Jews who had lived in peace with their neighbors for hundreds of years felt doubly abandoned—by the lords who had protected them and by the Lord who watched over them. In that time, and under those circumstances, the rote of traditional Judaism, all ritual and little passion, left a void in the heart which invited filling by the rantings of the first fanatic. In Sabbatai Zevi the Jews found more than they had dreamed of in their most horrible nightmares. Not only did he speak the words of the Law with awe and in strange accents —he was a Sephardic Jew from Turkey, born in Smyrna, not an Ashkenazi (Yiddish-speaking) Jew from the North and East—he preached a death of God of his own by commanding that all God's Commandments be broken. Redemption by way of defiance of the Law which he interpreted in his own Cabalistic and mysterious ways brought tens of thousands of despairing disciples into his fold. In 1665 they were prepared to crown him King of Israel and the true Messiah. Soon he issued decrees, collected taxes, raised fortunes in gold and jewels and converts and set forth for Jerusalem. He was finally arrested in Turkey where he was offered the choice of conversion—or death. With his wife Sarah and thousands of his followers he converted to Islam. He wound up as official doorkeeper to the Sultan and died of a stroke in the year 1676 on the Day of Atonement which some of his disciples saw as a sign from above while others read into it more ominous forebodings.

The cult of Sabbataism died hard and there are probably nooks and crannies of the earth where the hidden message is still believed in. But then almost a century later, there was a recrudescence of messianism led by one Jacob Leibovicz Frank. A self-proclaimed disciple of Sabbatai Zevi, he preached an eschatology steeped in equal parts of degradation and mysticism where redemption through sin and sexual debauchery was to be unlimited. Not only were the laws of decency and the marriage vows to be violated, but the Torah itself was to be defiled. The millennium through lust, via the destruction of all ethical and moral values, was his terrible way of killing God—while in quest of Him. He made a false confession, was converted (falsely) to Catholicism, imprisoned, released, created a baron in Germany and, finally, he too died of a stroke in 1791, 65 years after his birth in Podolia where the massacre of the Jews by Chmelnitsky had taken place.

Attenuated Judaism

The Frankist episode was about all that East European Jewry could take by way of salvation through mass hysteria. The remnant Jews, those spared conversion and those not destroyed by Chmelnitsky, kept to the faith however bitter their prayers to an unrewarding God. But there was yet another ordeal to go through. In Germany, the Edict of Toleration (rejected almost instinctively by East European Jews) threatened to complete what the fanatics had been unable to accomplish. Here was a new approach, something totally unfamiliar and strange to the Jewish community as it had existed until then.

The Jewish Enlightenment (Haskalah) ushered in by Moses Mendelssohn, in its sweet reasonableness, its quiet persuasiveness, its cult of refinement, its affection for the German language (Yiddish was cast out as a tattered and unclean bastard of the mother tongue), its passion for secular scholarship, held strong appeal for the young who were tired of piety and sidelocks and daily rituals too numerous to recount. Societies for learning Hebrew were established, the better to acquaint the membership with some of the ancient scholarship—and to read Mendelssohn's translation into German of the Pentateuch and the Psalms written with Hebrew characters. Soon the societies began to adopt more and more the tone of German Protestantism and less and less the tone of

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the Hebrew prophets. And soon, too, the children of the founder of enlightened Judaism all became good Christians. In fact, it was the pride of Moses Mendelssohn's daughter Dorothea that the great German social philosopher Johann Gottlieb Fichte, who had warned the French National Assembly *not* to grant civil rights to Jews, attended her fashionable salon in Berlin.

At the same time that salon Judaism was making its greatest impact on the *Schutzjuden* of Prussia, and the Frankist diabolism was torturing the souls of Jews farther east, a new force was beginning to make itself manifest in the very stronghold, and out of the birthplace of the murderous Chmelnitsky and of the fanatic Frank. This was the movement of Hasidism founded by Israel ben Eliezer, better known by the name given him by his disciples—the Baal Shem Tov (Master of the Good Name). With him—or rather separate from him but in the same years—Elijah of Vilna (the Vilna Gaon, or Eminence), a prodigy of learning, preached a respect for traditional Judaism couched in the highest moral terms. While his movement always remained a solid bulwark against the more inspired teachings of the Baal Shem Tov which the Vilna Gaon deplored for its pantheism, it was said: If the Baal Shem Tov and the Vilna Gaon had met, the divine sparks would surely have ascended to Heaven and the coming of the Messiah been assured.

Martin Buber has made the Baal Shem's name almost as familiar in certain intellectual circles as the name of Kierkegaard. In this he has rendered a service and, perhaps, contributed to a bit of confusion. For in the minds of the intellectually simple-minded who like their correlations one to one, Buber's overly subtle refinements and mystifications of the Hasidic movement have sometimes been assigned an affinity to existentialism and even to Zen Buddhism. What Hasidism taught was nothing especially new to Jewish tradition and to Judaism. But coming at the time that it did, when the Jews of Europe were exhausted by despair and threatened by the new religion of secularism, the Baal Shem preached a love of God, an affirmation and joy that Israel had not heard for almost two thousand years. Once again the Jews were told to sing the Lord's song—only the Baal Shem didn't care where you sang it. The synagogue, the home, the wide-open fields, the crooked streets—it was all the same, he taught, so long as you remember that God is in everything and everything is in God. He was—as so many other men genuinely touched by the aura of God—a simple man with little formal education above the level of the *heder*. Yet for all that, his movement grew until it embraced most of East European Jewry—in one form or another. Instead of despair, he preached a simple optimism of joy in the works of the Lord which any man could behold just by looking out his door. Life was made for living, not for dying. Prayer—prayer above ritual—prayer wafted up in song to the glory of the heavenly hosts, was his message to a people wounded and bled by the enemy without and the false Messiah within.

The optimism, that incredible optimism which often leads the Jew to secularism, also brings him ultimately to God. It is only when his optimism is expressed in terms of a social eschatology that he is (so often) doomed. It was not the optimism which staked its faith in the tradition of the Vilna Gaon and in the spirit of the Baal Shem Tov which helped bring about the scientifically mechanized destruction of the Jews of Europe in our time. It was rather the optimism which attached itself to the here-and-now paradise of the men of the Enlightenment and of their socialist disciples, the men who promised the Jew (and the non-Jewish proletariat) Heaven on earth, which ushered in the apocalypse of (almost) total destruction by way of the frozen tundras of Bolshevik Russia and the fires of hell from the infernos of National Socialist Germany.

Despite the holocaust—and Martin Buber—Hasidism still survives as a visible minority in America (and in Israel). With their sidelocks and their *yarmulkas* (skull-caps) the Hasidic Jews have separated themselves—segregated themselves, if you please—in some of the large metropolitan centers in America, especially in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn in New York. Although they represent perhaps the poorest segment of the Jewish community—their

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Sabbath and ritual observances would make them almost impossible to absorb into a modern industrial society —they ask little, if anything, from the state by way of welfare or protection. When some of their more unruly neighbors began attacks upon them, they organized their own self-defense units, which had the salutary effect of virtually wiping out neighborhood muggings directed against *them*, at least. A small, if exotic, factor in Jewish life in America, they don't even participate in fund-raising for Israel—almost the major activity of organized Jewry in America—since, for them, the road to Jerusalem is by way of the Messiah—and when He will come nobody, not even the Master of the Good Name, knew.

But the Jew in America is not a *hasid*. If he believes in God at all, he is either a member of an Orthodox congregation or a Conservative one, or he goes to Temple (Reform). The Conservative, who is not a conservative at all in any meaningful sense of the term, believes much as his Orthodox brother does except that he may bring his wife to sit beside him in the same pew of his synagogue, where also an organ may be employed during the Sabbath and Holy Day services. Both of these are forbidden to Orthodoxy, which segregates its female parishioners and rejects instrumental music and mixed choirs in remembrance of the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem. Conservative Judaism is more accommodating than Orthodox; while formal observances of *kashruth* (eating ritually clean food only) may be required of the rabbi, the congregation usually takes a "kosher in, triff out" approach to the problem. By which is meant that they eat ritually pure food at home (more or less), while pork chow mein is all right when dining out. Reform Judaism doesn't really care what you eat and its services are on the whole maintained with dignified decorum, resembling more a Unitarian prayer-meeting than, say, an Orthodox service on the lower East Side. The wags sum up the differences as follows: An Orthodox Jew dare not park his car less than six blocks from the synagogue during the High Holy Days; a Conservative Jew is safe if he parks two blocks away; while a Reform Jew may drive right up to the portals of his temple—if it is not closed for the holidays. (One Reform temple in Chicago is actually closed Saturdays and is open for "services" only on Sundays.)

While grandiose claims are sometimes made for an increase of worshipers, a growth in the number of all-day Jewish parochial schools, and a proliferation of Hillel societies in the colleges and universities, responsible Jewish criticism is also aware of the fact that "at present," as Professor Eli Ginsburg wrote in 1963, "American Jews are divided between a majority who do not recognize the binding power of tradition and a minority who continue to do so." To this he added: "The rabbis have tended to 'cater' to their congregations by offering them every value but religious values."

Of course, Professor Ginsburg is writing from what could be regarded as the Reconstructionist viewpoint, which represents a tiny movement founded by Mordecai Kaplan and which sees Judaism as not *only* a religion, but as a way of life—a civilization in itself. Nevertheless, the fact that the majority of Jews does not recognize the binding power of tradition means little so far as they may consider themselves believing Jews or atheists—or both. Nor does the fact that Judaism in America is becoming more and more a "catering" affair deter the Jew from considering himself a *good* Jew ("whatever that means," he adds by way of an inside joke). Many of the new ultra-modern temples built in the suburbs in recent years can seat five hundred at a banquet, but have room for only 99 parishioners in a central hall where the Ark of the Covenant may be covered with Pop art or Op art or Mondrian coverlets. And many of the Bar Mitzvah ceremonies rival in sumptuousness and expensiveness and in show and flair the coming-out party of the newest and richest debutante in the land. The growth of the Jewish Day School is perhaps a reflection of the Jewish Liberal's way of evading the consequences of the racially balanced school, as is the formal private school for his non-Jewish Liberal colleague. And the Jewish way of life—not, be it said, the one spoken of by Dr. Ginsburg—is rapidly becoming an ever-increasing part of American life as a whole. Jewish cuisine, Jewish jokes, Jewish novels, and novels about Jews are all the rage, as Hollywood and Madison Avenue and the publishing houses know only too well, having recently made fortunes out of telling the Gibson girl how to be a Jewish mother; at the same time the *goyim* are reassured that they don't have to be Jewish to enjoy Levy's bread. The point of the matter is: You don't have to be Jewish to be a Jew in America. Yet the secular sects born to protect the Jew from his enemies—the American Jewish Committee, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith —continue to flourish and thrive the more their reason for existence is diminished. They continue to forage in racially disturbed areas of American life where all they have got for their pains is the almost universal hatred of the Negro community, as

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evidenced by the recent riots in Harlem, in Philadelphia and in Watts. (A Yiddish-language newspaper in New York referred to the Watts riots as "pogroms.")

With all this the decline in tradition, knowledge and respect for the Law grows apace. And established Jewish leadership is not unaware of this. It even knows how to spell out this "decline" as it did recently at a conference in Montreal. Here it was observed that "with the lessening of fidelity to Jewish tradition and values there was a corresponding increase in incidence of social ills among Jews." The cure? More fidelity "to the problems of human relationships, social and economic justice, and civil rights." In other words, confronted by moral collapse due to an overdose of social nostrums, the physicians prescribe more of the same as the remedy. Perhaps they do so in the belief that a massive dose of almost any poison acts as its own antidote.

What Is a Jew?

It is true that in proportion to his numbers the young Jewish intellectual or college student is prominent in almost all movements of social protest. It is also true, as observed, that there is considerable "moral decline" in the Jewish community. Yet when one considers that his elders offer him almost nothing to attract his legitimate moral and ethical interests it is a tribute to the young Jew that he is still not so disaffected as to be in the forefront of those burning their draft cards—or themselves. For that, the roots of tradition are still too much with him, no matter how attenuated. Self-immolation is no novelty to his people, but they knew that it could only be applied as the holy Sanctification of the Name when the faith itself was threatened. The only young man born a Jew to burn his draft card declared himself an atheist.

And this raises yet another problem. It is not as easy to write about Jews as about non-Jews. The notion of a Protestant atheist or a Catholic atheist is a contradiction in terms. (We must exempt from this consideration the "death of God" theologians whose recent quest for doubt is as much a reflection of a failure of nerve as it may be simply a desire to get into some other line of business.) But a Jew can easily call himself a Jew and still be an atheist because the question, "What is a Jew?" has never been resolved.

Jewish tradition holds conflicting views on the subject. Orthodoxy would assert that anyone born of a Jewish mother is, by that fact alone, a Jew. On the other hand there are others who declare that when one opts out of the faith he is no longer a Jew. The Baal Shem regarded the convert from Judaism as a "diseased limb" it were best to cut away from the body of Israel. Melville Hershovitz, the anthropologist, after measuring Armenoid noses among different ethnic stocks in the American population came to the conclusion that one is a Jew because one calls himself a Jew or is called such by others. Many Jewish intellectuals abide by that unhappy definition. They seem to accept their Jewishness with a shrug of the shoulders, the only trait left to them from a long ethno-historical past. Then there are Jews whose identity was suddenly brought home to them by Hitler or by some other misfortune. Einstein "discovered" he was a Jew in his late middle years, a discovery he said he "owed more to Gentiles than Jews." ("It is the anti-Semite," says Sartre, "who creates the Jew.") For some, as for Clara Malraux, first wife of the cultural minister of France, it is as though "you suddenly discovered you had syphilis." For Albert Memmi, from whose self-revealing *Portrait of a Jew* some of these quotations are taken, the discovery is always fraught with anguish. "I can hardly think of any Jew," he writes, "who is natural and sure of himself. Ashamed or bragging, persecuted or proud, Jewishness can never be anything but tormented." Jewish folkways has said almost the same thing for hundreds of years with its sigh of a proverb: *S'iz shver tsu zein a yid* (It's not easy to be a Jew). But what kind of Jew?

What Americans see or hear or read about the Jew comes to them—as not so long ago on CBS network television—in the image of Dore Schary and Harry Golden and David Dubinsky and Senator Jacob Javits. Mannheim Shapiro, representing the American Jewish Committee on the program, which carried the imposing title, "The Jew in the City of Man," pointed out that if "present trends continue the Jew may be a disappearing phenomenon." Of course, Mr. Shapiro's "present trends" probably differ a good deal from mine. But he has a point. Certainly if these gentlemen can be trotted out as representatives of the Jew in the "City of Man," then, perhaps, he had no place in it. But the Scharys and Goldens and Javitses are not the only Jews Americans know. They also know the Jewish intellectual, he who feels himself "alienated" in a culture and society in which he is both a success and a failure at the same time. Torn by his belief that America does not reward talent in the arts and sciences he looks at the best-seller lists (and his bank account) and finds himself an enemy unto himself.

No Spokesmen

Yet if I were asked to furnish the names of people whom I would like to see as representative spokesmen for American Jewry, I would have to decline, modestly, because there are just no spokesmen for a community made up of the most proudly patriotic and the most totally subversive, of the devout and the irreligious, of the holy and the profane; a people, by and large, still as proud and as stiff-necked as the Lord God Jehovah found them in the desert; a people hard to define because they get their individualism from the prophets (Jeremiah) and their collectivism from their apostates (Marx). There are times when they worship the idolatries of the latter more than they do the affirmations of the former; when they envy (and easily accumulate) the fleshpots of the world; when they elevate their detractors and calumniate their defenders; when they sink into ostentatious displays of recently acquired wealth at the same time they dispose of it through charity which makes the wealthiest benefactor among their neighbors seem like a piker.

It should not come as too much of a surprise therefore to find the younger generation of American Jews confused and embarrassed by the exploitation of Jewishness which seems to have become a part of the American scene. At the same time the sensitive young Jew is fed up with the false alienation of the Jewish intel-

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lectual who is today accepted in the in-est of the in-groups of the American establishment; with the false integrationism of the Liberal Jew who wouldn't let a *schwartzer* come within bus distance of his home in the suburbs; with the false Zionism of the Jew who wouldn't go to Israel under pain of death; with the false Jewishness of his parents whose private prejudices are often in shocking contrast with their professed beliefs. Reacting to all this, he sometimes leaves the faith altogether, or he makes a last desperate effort to seek identity with his grandparents, at least, by turning to the synagogue.

Sabbath Entertainment

But here his disenchantment may be complete. On one Friday last year (it could be any Friday) the *New York Times* carried the following enticements to worship:

A Sabbath service during which Rabbi Cahn will speak on "Sparks from a Burning Draft Card" (Metropolitan Synagogue). A discussion of James Michener's best-selling novel *The Source* (Brotherhood Synagogue, Park Avenue Synagogue). Friday evening service: "The Ideal Woman and Woman's Ideals"; Saturday evening service: "The Darling of Immortality: John F. Kennedy" (Temple Israel). *The Rabbi*, a discussion of the novel; and—special Thanksgiving Day service—"The Toothbrush Epic of American Society" (Lincoln Square Synagogue), followed, no doubt, by the admonition to brush your teeth with Gleeeeem.

Of course the Jew who believes in his religion doesn't have to be reminded by newspaper ads to go to synagogue on the Sabbath. But some synagogues and temples need them since they seek to attract back to the faith—or at least into the physical edifice of the temple—the back-sliding, the young, or simply bored parishioner. So the temple offers him (or her) attractions competitive with the decorous Little Church Around the Corner. The ladies' auxiliary of Reform Judaism announced the other day that it was going to make a special effort to understand the homosexual—a malediction about as common among Jews as drunkenness. But it may help fill the house on a rainy Friday night.

The young Jew seeking his faith will not, obviously, be attracted to fancy temples which offer him pious reviews of third-rate novels and more of the same kind of social-mongering he gets from his professors all week long. Should he, however, wander into a *shtibl* (a plain neighborhood synagogue for Orthodox worship) he will be appalled and bewildered by the wild hosannas wafted up to heaven by men swaying and praying in body-length prayer-shawls evoking a memory from the collective unconscious of the tribal and desert origins of the faith. Or he may decide to attend a Conservative service with Mom and Dad in Suburbia, where the young rabbi has already learned that unless one socializes by joining the swim-club, or is prepared to train the Bar Mitzvah boy for induction into the adult community by using long-playing records—children pick up the whole thingamajig quicker this way, the boy's mother says—why then, the young rabbi might just as well pack up his *talis* and *tefillim* and tennis rackets and be off. In that synagogue—it can be duplicated by others, both Reform and Orthodox—he will hear a pleasant enough service, larded with song and sociology, after which he will be invited to the rabbi's chambers for tea and cookies and there meet the local merchant's daughter, which should help nicely, if the boy is so inclined, to further his expensive education in medicine, or in the endless career, as is the current fashion, of philosophy. Looking about at the rabbi's bookshelf he will find the books almost all rabbis find it necessary to review, or a copy of *Commentary* where he can read about Vietnam and why we shouldn't be there, or he may pick up the Zionist-sponsored *Midstream* where he can find out all about the Black Muslims and read, at first hand, the hate pieces of LeRoi Jones. Considerably bewildered by now, since he neither wants a rich girl to subsidize his way through college, nor an electronic device for his younger brother's Bar Mitzvah, nor another course in social psychology and guilt by disassociation, he wanders out, not overly impressed by what he heard or saw—and the spiritual void is still there, only more so. So he either opts for a life of full commitment to the secular faith of his social science professor—or he looks about for a nice Gentile girl whose father doesn't give a damn whom she marries, besides a bright Jewish boy would be good for the blood.

To counter this opting out of the faith which has become a real crisis in American Judaism, Reform Judaism has decided to build a giant art center costing "two million dollars." It is, of course, their hope that the young may be attracted by new testimonials to the arts rather than by vague appeals to the older Testament. And Orthodoxy, alarmed at the "alarming proportion of intermarriage on college campuses" proposes to set up a commission to "study in depth" the "social, psychological and religious factors" responsible for this flight from the faith. "In Washington, D.C.," reports the *Times*, "with a population of 100,000 Jews, 17.9 per cent of offspring of American-born Jewish parents marry outside the fold of Judaism. High rates of intermarriage, in some cases reaching 40 per cent, were found in Iowa and Indiana."

'Know The Lord'

Do I have a solution? No. Perhaps the thinking of a small group of intellectuals in Israel and in America is worth considering here. They suggest that it is not necessary to put up too much of a struggle to keep people inside the faith by subterfuge or by substitutive religion. They argue that if Jews had never left the faith they would probably be more numerous today than the combined populations of India and China (and who would want that?). It is enough, they maintain, that a Jew make an affirmative assertion of his identity via historical continuity with a people which did give the world the all-abiding concept of the one and universal God, which gave to mankind not only the prophets, but gave to Western man, at least, that high concept of ethics and morals which are at the root of the Judeo-Christian tradition, and which gave to all that most revolutionary and perhaps most favored gift of all—the Sabbath. What they suggest is that Jews—to remain Jews—need no other affirmation of their belongingness than that they are Jews—different, disconsolate, discrete—but Jews, nevertheless.

The Jew needs but to reaffirm his

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"I am I." To the socialist who promises him emancipation by extinction via the "emancipation of all mankind from Judaism" (Marx) he need only say: We have seen how your secular promises to emancipate mankind have worked out in the multi-national Bolshevik state of Socialist Russia; at the same time we have witnessed how comrade Stalin's blood brothers, the Nazis of National Socialist Germany, have turned to ashes millions of Jews, most of them as innocent of the crime of *international* socialism as of *national* socialism. To the religious quacks who preach to him a sociology of fear and an idolatry of causism, he need only invoke the wisdom of Maimonides (and not the local representative of Haryou Act) to remind them that it is the highest act of charity to help people to help themselves. And wiser even than the decision of the Supreme Court, perhaps, was the precept of Jeremiah when he proclaimed in the words of the Lord, "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts." And then, when men know the Law in their insides, as it were, as part of the very nature of their being, then and only then, will it not be necessary to say, "Know the Lord: for they shall know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord."

But just as men say peace, peace and there is no peace—and the Lord abhorred the peacemongers because they were so often the cause of war—so there are men who prate law, law, but there is no law. And the oldest awareness known to the Jews is that "prophet and priest" may be "profane."

What Judaism needs today is an awareness of its past—its whole past—for without first looking deep into its crisis-ridden history, it may well wind up with no more history to record.

A Letter to Commentary

Three exhibits offered in evidence of a tendency to befuddle the day's dominant issues, taken from the pages of America's leading intellectual monthly

JACK E. JONES

In *Commentary,* the American Jewish Committee is publishing one of the most alert and intelligent periodicals in America today. I am not sure, however, that I am always entirely impressed by the sort of thinking that *Commentary* offers upon matters affecting the general weal. It struck me, in reading the January and February issues this year, that I encountered more than the usual quantity of muddled thinking, as *Commentary* touched the sensitive issues of Nazi war crimes and the right view to adopt toward them, the guilt and punishment of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, and the regulations to govern the police.

First of all, *Commentary* reprinted from *Der Spiegel* the lengthy and unimportant dialogue between *Der Spiegel*'s editor and the alleged thinker, Karl Jaspers, apropos the debate in West Germany over extending the period of legal culpability for war crimes. This is fascinating only because it seems to recapitulate pretty well every cliché about the Nazis that I've ever run into.

It is rather widely granted that Jaspers made an ass of himself in these conversations. The remarks of Neal Ascherson in the *New York Review of Books* are quotable in this regard:

"For Karl Jaspers, the picture of the German Federal Republic is black and getting blacker. Everything is wrong. The state was founded for the wrong reasons, fell under the leadership of the wrong people who in turn gave jobs to even wronger people, adopted (with very few exceptions) the wrong attitudes in foreign and German policy, and is now sinking irremediably into dictatorship under the weight of its own wrongness. . . . It is the painstaking damnation of everything, detail by detail, which makes Dr. Jaspers' essay not only unhelpful but ridiculous." This was apropos of an essay, *"Wohin treibt die bundesrepublik?,"* which Jaspers lately published in Munich, but it is a fair comment also on the *Der Spiegel* interview with Herr Augstein.

It was certainly a peculiar conversation. Why did *Commentary* think it was worth reprinting? Perhaps because any reference to the Nazis, even the most irresponsible (or is it best of all if it is irresponsible?), is felt to give a thrill which age cannot wither nor custom stale. There seems no other explanation. In this bizarre dialogue the speakers were entirely at cross-purposes. Herr Augstein, although I believe he is Jewish, really spoke as a German, humiliated and resentful at the undying campaign to represent Germans as evil and immoral. He seemed to take the reasonable line that he would admit a certain communal German guilt, but only if other nations did not make hypocritical claims to virtue, as though German guilt were unique and unprecedented. That the charges of unique immorality come from Germany's political enemies, and from those who were victorious in the War, provokes the suspicion that they are really political in inspiration. Thus from the outset Augstein says: "Professor Jaspers, in our conversation let's not even consider the question of whether it is juridically possible to extend the statute of limitations. . . . After all, the trials against Nazi criminals are only apparently juridical acts; actually they are political

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acts, that are transacted according to the rules of the penal code."

Jaspers, on the contrary, is obsessed with guilt, guilt, guilt, and self-purification. This is nothing new. By 1947 he had composed *The Question of German Guilt,* in which he takes essentially the same attitude he takes today. In this work, as his publisher proclaims, we are expected to see "one of the world's greatest minds, treating one of history's most complex problems." But it turns out not to be complex at all—everything was just wrong, and everybody was wrong, and that was all there was to that. Since this view has not been widely shared, and since the nation has been so wicked as to ingore his, Jaspers', moral theories in re-organizing its life, he claims with strict logic that everything and everybody is now as wrong as ever.

Solution: 'High Treason'

Far from regretting the charges brought against Germany and the persistence of the trials of ex-Nazis, he is outraged because they have not been carried on much more extensively: "After all, it must give us pause to think that, as far as I know, not even a single judge, not even a single public prosecutor, has ever stood trial in criminal court. Law was violated a thousand times—a hundred thousand times. In spite of this, the juridical perpetrators have not stood trial. . . ."

The only solution would appear to him to be "revolution and high treason." And not against the Nazis—no! It is true that everyone in Germany is guilty who did not resort to these things under Hitler's regime, and from the very fact that the nation did not do this it incurs tremendous guilt. But in Jaspers' eyes the whole present system is equally illegal, equally immoral, so the same solution would in strict logic be desirable.

He says, in so many words: "The presupposition of all our criticism is the existence of the Federal Republic. Prior to all criticism, we must answer this question for ourselves: do we want this state, or don't we want it? If we don't want it, it follows that we prepare for revolution, for high treason." Indeed, it is unworthy even to deal with the Nazis' guilt. Why should the punishment of ex-Nazis be undertaken today? "I ask myself whether the state we have now founded can legitimately pursue these crimes." And he is not afraid to carry this principle very far. "When I further consider the fact that the other states—including the state of Israel—have consciously accepted this, then the repute of these states and organizations, too, is called into question." There is something curiously Hegelian about this repudiation of the whole existing order of things in the name of one man's theory which, it seems, demands to be made the pattern for the whole historical world; this superstitious mania for law, and for mathematical justice. But Jaspers is a German philosopher, like other German philosophers. The egotism and unreality of his thinking throws an unexpected light on the attraction of Hitler for the German mind. It would seem that the German instinctively feels that all undertakings, from the rule of nations to the changing of diapers, should start out from an elaborate, systematic theory, the more irrational and revolutionary the better, and to this theory all other values whatever are to be joyously sacrificed. And even when it comes to criticizing earlier German history, which has gone wrong by following such a plan, Dr. Jaspers cannot imagine proceeding in any other fashion. Even the Germans are not German enough for him.

He instinctively feels that the proceedings against the ex-Nazis up till now are shallow and unimportant because they have had no solid, German, philosophical basis. This he undertakes to provide, with his distinction between "crimes against mankind—*Menschheit*" and all other crimes. The state which on principle commits this new and unique crime (the existence of which Dr. Jaspers seems to have discovered when Germany *lost* the War) becomes an entirely new phenomenon, different in nature from anything else in the world, a *"Verbrecherstaat."* This, it seems, has no claim on anybody's loyalty at all, and the only moral thing is for everyone to think the matter through for himself, come up with Jaspers' own conclusions, and revolt. Augstein doesn't really seem to have grasped this interesting theory, and he spends his time arguing with Jaspers about the uniqueness of Nazism.

When Augstein brings up the infamies of Stalin, Dr. Jaspers replies coolly, "It could be that here there is something that would be identical to a crime against mankind. But that has nothing to do with our present problem, that of the statute of limitations in the Federal Republic." I would think it has a lot to do with it. Since the world is confronted with the power of a government which is morally continuous with Stalin's, Dr. Jaspers is turning away from an issue which is really alive and serious, preferring to confront his great problem of the "crime against mankind" only when the issue is dead and fundamentally not serious.

Genocide Nothing New

In fact nothing could be more misleading than the notion, for which Dr. Jaspers has found a long German word, that the Nazi massacres were in some fundamental way "unique," so that it is necessary for Dr. Jaspers to invent a new scholarly term in German to deal with them logically. Genocide is a recurrent phenomenon in those annals of crime and rascality which are the history of empires. It is a frequent accompaniment of historical revolutions which introduce a new cultural era. More than one culture has been founded upon the conviction that the previous state of society "ought not to be entitled to exist upon earth," and upon the wholesale massacre of persons who actually or allegedly represented the earlier way of life. Victims have been variously selected on grounds of religion, ideology, nationality, race, caste, or economic class. Often the victims and not the executioners have been pictured by history as the "criminal state," since only survivors write histories.

There are the Armenians, for example. Some 600,000 of them, a full third of the nation, were massacred by the Turks, thus effectively settling what used to be called the "Armenian question," and this happened so recently as 1915. Obviously this was an instance of the Turks, as a nation, embarking upon genocide, but it was a genocide without tears, as it were; nobody today—fifty years later—remembers this, much less dreams of reproaching the Turks for it.

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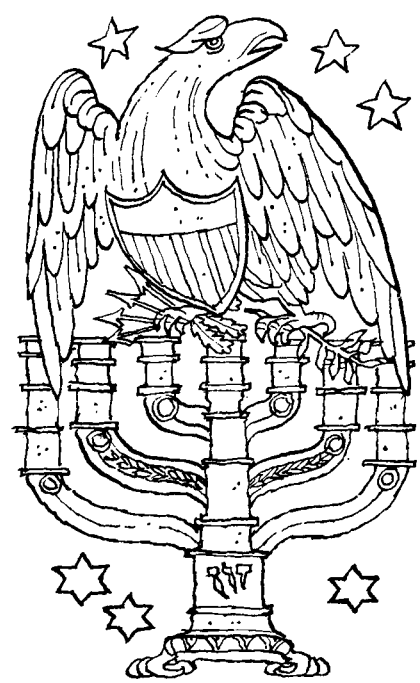
And there is our own case. The aboriginal culture of North America collapsed in the face of the superior power exported here from Europe. "The only good Indian is a dead Indian," we used to say, and we held this truth to be self-evident. We, not the Indians, write history, so today our children shriek with the innocent joy of justice triumphant as they watch the re-enactment, on innumerable television and motion-picture screens, of the "final solution" to the Indian question. We still help ourselves to whatever we like of those fragments of land still remaining to them, and they cannot hinder us although this is illegal by the provisions of past treaties. It seems to me that the abstract guilt of Germany and of the United States in the matter of genocide is pretty much the same. But we have won all our wars, and this disagreeable truth is not thrown in our face.

It is perhaps worth recalling that the Jews themselves, though we so often hear of them as victims, were civilizing executioners at one time, carrying monotheism and genocide into pagan Palestine with fire and sword. "So Joshua smote all the country of the hills, and of the south, and of the vale, and of the springs, and all their kings: he left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed, as the Lord God of Israel commanded." In time the pagan cults somewhat recovered: so in the ninth century Jehu determined upon Israel's bloody "final solution" to the Baalist question, the assassination of the crypto-pagan queens and their party. This has been described by T. J. Meek, in his work on *Hebrew Origins,* as "a religious persecution which was unparalleled in the ancient world." That is a very modern judgment. The orthodox Monsignor Knox observes with regard to such incidents that "it was the common instinct of the Hebrews, as of other peoples in those days, to destroy their enemies root and branch, so as to have no more trouble with them. (You see the demand for ruthlessness as a popular demand in Josue, ix. 18.) If they ever refrained from doing so, it was not from any motive of humanity, but from lower motives of self-interest (*cf.* I Kings, alias I Samuel, xv. 9). When God 'told' his people to destroy their enemies, what he was actually doing was to forbid them to consult these lower motives . . . and the effect of that was that they did not spare them at all." Knox is possibly guilty of special pleading in suggesting that the Hebrews' attitude was like that of everyone else: on the other hand, there is not much left of Carthage, or of Babylon, or of Troy. I don't think we can say that there was no genocide in the ancient world. Troy was not a myth. The myth, I assume, is that anyone like Aeneas escaped from it.

Such is the way of the world. In all such cases, the victims, having no defenders, are in retrospect transformed into the guilty; the victors become Civilized Man. To call for the moment of truth, which of us can say that he gives a damn about, much less means to do something about, the massacres of the Baalists, or the Armenians, or the Indians? Or the Masai, who a very few years ago were exterminated entirely by another African tribe? Or the Tibetans? It is not too late for the Tibetans, so



far as we can tell; it is not certain that abstract justice has no response. We have—ah!—the United Nations. But we learn from Richard Hottelet, in the *New Leader* of January 31, 1966, that "objections were raised to an already feeble resolution bemoaning the rape of Tibet, and one African delegate remarked, 'What can Tibet do for us?'" So much for the United Nations, as a defense against wholesale genocide in 1966.

Consequently, as I have no interest in alloting blame, I have also no interest at all in the admission of "guilt" or the "self-purification" of Dr. Jaspers or any other German. Such self-purification strikes me as, from one point of view, only self-consolatory; from another, as simply impossible; and in any case, as irrelevant at the moment. The helpful time for assessing the morality of the Nazis was before, and not after, it was too late. Our main ethical task at the moment is to prevent the repetition of such things, if that is possible, and I do not know that it is. Mao, who is in a better position than I am to force his ethical views on the world, may be quite right in his prophecies of more of the same for the human race, especially the hapless portions of it that lie in his path. I don't know if this prospect bothers Dr. Jaspers, or *Commentary.* Jaspers, I gather, does not want to think about it.

The point of all this is not to exculpate the horrifying German murders in any way, but to show that all of us are involved in similar tragedies of cultural evolution. Attempts to make the Germans bear the only or the primary guilt must be insincere, and are themselves immoral. Such efforts are plainly racist, since they impute a subhuman moral character to all the members of a particular nation. Furthermore, they are intellectually and pragmatically futile, since they offer us no real understanding of the phenomenon, and no means of coping with it. What advice, when he has completed his futile lamentations, can Dr. Jaspers offer us concerning the problems of the present and the future? When asked about those totalitarian powers which were not defeated, which survive today, Dr. Jaspers takes refuge in an uncertain and evasive tone. This is intolerable, for precisely the crime (against all mankind) for which he indicts the whole German people without exception is *silence;* the refusal to see, to understand, the horrors in front of them. All conventional and practical considerations, all custom and all law, became irrelevant and even positively evil, by his way of it, insofar as they stood in the way of open and violent warfare against crimes of such terrible scope.

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No one has forced this opinion upon him; it is his own, he has invented his own new words to embody it. He condemns every acquiescence, however reasonable, or necessary, or despairing. Having said that, can he himself be silent in the face of even greater horrors? He can. He is.

"Whether it is taking place in Tibet —that is possible. I do not know." In regard to the Soviet massacres, he says, "I do not know that it was that way. I do not preclude the possibility. . . . It could be that here is something that would be identical to a crime against mankind." Let us have done equally with Jaspers' "guilt" or "justifications" concerning the past. What is Jaspers' justification for again doing the "deed"—i.e., again refusing to recognize and to confront squarely a present totalitarian danger while it is as yet not too late? Is it really so that Dr. Jaspers "doesn't know" what went on in Russia and China, or is it that he simply doesn't want to know any more than that with which shallow moralizing can appear to cope?

The number of victims of the German massacre can very reliably be put between four and six million; the median would be about five million, which Shirer (in *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*) quotes as Eichmann's own estimate. It has been suggested that the victims of Communist exterminators in Russia and China are well over four times as numerous—that is, at the very least, twenty million. Some believe that this is a conservative and optimistic estimate. The files of Russia and China have not been opened, they have had no Nuremberg. Between 1929 and 1934, during "the liquidation of the kulaks as a class," about ten million seem to have been killed; Stalin is said to have offered this estimate to Churchill, and he (like Eichmann) was in the best position to know. During the Great Purge, 1936-1938, at least ten million persons were arrested, of whom one million were condemned to death; there is no telling how many of the remainder died of abuse in the concentration and forced labor camps they were sent to. It is widely believed that what has happened in China was bloodier still, the latest reports from Tibet suggesting (as Augstein insisted to Jaspers) genocide pure and simple. Any political upheaval in China tends to involve a lot of people; during the nineteenth century, one of the civil wars in that country killed more people than died in the whole First World War. And obviously, to attempt the remaking of the five-thousand-year-old civilization of China upon a Marxist pattern will involve civil war. We know that the East has never had any great regard for human life in any case, and we know that Mao looks longingly back to the days of Stalin and is enraged when the Soviet leaders profess to have turned into a new course. The guesses, therefore, which place the number of political murders under Mao as high as thirty million, cannot be entirely dismissed as incredible. It might be more sensible for Dr. Jaspers to take note of the fact that there is in the world a system with the power, and the political need, to murder millions; a system which lacks all moral restraint which might discourage this policy. Nazism was indeed another such system, but it was not the last; the Federal Republic of Germany, whatever its faults, is not the source from which these evils are threatening the world today, and Dr. Jaspers' "moral condemnation" of it is fatuous and laughable.

II

We all assumed, I think, that we had heard the last of the Rosenberg affair. The recent revival in the press of controversy about Morton Sobell, whose fate was entangled with theirs, seems to make the matter topical again, and gives a renewed interest to the discussion, in *Commentary*, of Walter and Miriam Schneir's book on the subject. Mr. Alexander Bickel tackled the subject in the *Commentary* for January 1966 and took the mildly bizarre (but typically *Commentary*) attitude that the Rosenbergs were guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt—but they should not have been executed.

For the refreshment of weak memories, it may be helpful to retell the story, which the prosecution offered at the trial and which Bickel accepts as proven. In 1944 Ethel Rosenberg's brother, David Greenglass, was assigned to work (on a very low level) on the nuclear project at Los Alamos, New Mexico. In November of that year, before David's wife, Ruth, visited him there, the Rosenbergs asked her to get information about David's project from him. David cooperated, and in January 1945, while on furlough in New York, he gave more information, in writing, to Julius Rosenberg. They agreed that Julius would send an agent to New Mexico to get more information; he cut a Jell-O box in half along an irregular line, gave Greenglass one half, and promised that the agent he sent would have the other. Some months later, Harry Gold, who did not know the Rosenbergs at all, was assigned by a Russian agent to meet Greenglass in Albuquerque; Gold was to say that "Julius sent him," and he was given Julius's half of the Jell-O box. In February 1950, the British spy Klaus Fuchs was arrested. This caused Julius Rosenberg considerable anxiety; he went to the Greenglasses, told them that he expected that the government was about to catch them all, and advised them to flee the country. When Greenglass pleaded that he had no money for this, Rosenberg gave him $4,000; nevertheless, by August 1950, all these people—Gold, the Greenglasses, the Rosenbergs—had been arrested.

Gold and the Greenglass couple confessed all this; it is from their testimony, supported by odd bits of circumstantial evidence—sudden deposits of cash in the Greenglass bank account, Gold's registration at a New Mexico hotel—that the above story has been reconstructed. The Rosenbergs denied everything. At the trial the prosecution did not demand the death penalty for the Rosenbergs (Gold and Greenglass received prison terms; Ruth Greenglass, though she confessed, was let go). Judge Irving R. Kaufman, however, sentenced the Rosenbergs to electrocution. He commented:

> I consider your crimes worse than murder. . . . In committing the act of murder, the criminal kills only his victim. . . . But in your case I believe your conduct in putting into the hands of the Russians the atomic bomb years before our best scientists predicted Russia would perfect the atomic bomb has already caused, in my opinion, the Communist aggression in Korea, with the resultant casualties exceeding 50,000, and who knows but that millions more of innocent people may

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> pay the price of your treason. Indeed, by your betrayal you undoubtedly have altered the course of history to the disadvantage of our country. . . . We have evidence of your treachery all around us every day—for the civilian defense activities throughout the country are aimed at preparing us for atomic bomb attack. . . .

There followed a series of court battles; and, under Communist provocation, the fate of the Rosenbergs was debated in all parts of the Western world. Among others, Pope Pius XII asked that their lives be spared (but nobody paid the slightest attention; Eisenhower's militantly Catholic Attorney General declined to notice the message from the Pope, on the grounds that it was irrelevant, provoking speculation as to how much better the protests of Pius might have fared, during the War, with Hitler). But American opinion had been summed up very well by Judge Kaufman. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg died in the electric chair June 19, 1953. Outside Communist circles, they have found few defenders, but those few are, of course embittered and persistent.

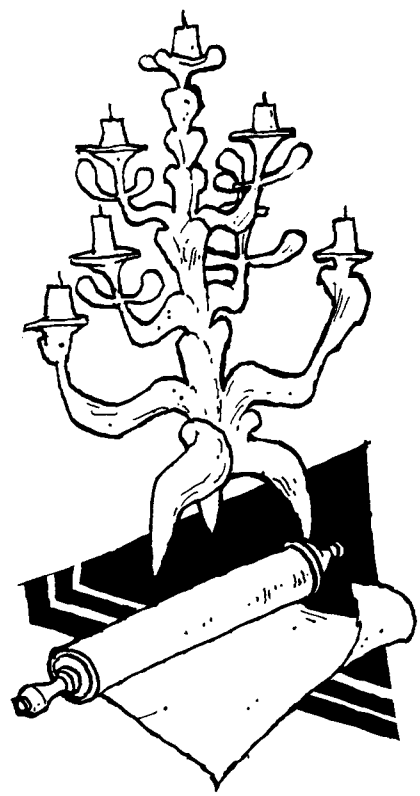
Opening his article in *Commentary* this January, Mr. Bickel wrote:

> *United States* v. *Julius and Ethel Rosenberg* wasn't the Dreyfus, the Mooney, the Sacco-Vanzetti case of the early 1950s. But much has been written as if it were. Walter and Miriam Schneir's addition to the literature is an earnest, industrious, long, long, artless, tedious and finally intemperate book, which mounts the most uncompromising argument yet for the innocence of the Rosenbergs. It makes a radical charge, to mince no words, of malicious prosecution and judicial murder, conceding nothing on the score of forgery, perjury, and rank prejudice to the Dreyfus and Sacco-Vanzetti affairs. But the book fails; these charges will not stick.

Bickel reviews the case with what seems considerable lucidity, but only to subside into what, in my opinion, is bathos: an ethical collapse. "It remains probable," he concludes, "and more than probable, that the Greenglasses and Gold told a basically true story, and that the essence of the charge against the Rosenbergs was demonstrated." Nonetheless, the Rosenberg case is a horror, a tragedy, a miscarriage of justice; the punishment was all wrong. The true issue, for Bickel, is "first of all the death sentence, and secondly the death sentence, and thirdly the death sentence, and then again the death sentence." It is not the Rosenbergs' crime (about which he insists there is no real doubt) but their death which he characterizes as "ghastly and shameful."

It is true that he also believes that Judge Kaufman's summary, quoted above, was an "unchecked onslaught of anxiety and mindless surmise." He quibbles a bit petulantly over legal issues—should the Supreme Court have accepted the case for review? (It didn't.) What did Justice Frankfurther really think of it all? He finds it "disgusting" that the government asked a *quid pro quo*, the Rosenbergs' knowledge of the conspiracy in return for any remission of the death sentence. But it is the death sentence itself that he quarrels with.

As it happens, I favor the abolition of capital punishment; both for humanitarian reasons and because, for ordinary crimes, it seems no longer socially necessary; for political crimes, for genocide or other political mass murders, it is not really an effective deterrent. I would not advocate the death penalty for genocide; still less, for atomic espionage. But the law was then on the books, and laws must be impartially enforced. Others suffered, and still suffer, the death penalty for what may well be considered lesser crimes than the Rosenbergs'. Bickel will tell us that Judge Kaufman's denunciation of the crime was hysterical and exaggerated; we don't know that the information stolen by the Rosenbergs' apparatus was necessary, or important, to the development of the Soviet A-bomb. Perhaps not. We do not know. But that has no bearing at all on the essence of the matter. The Rosenbergs were useful parts of the Soviet espionage network, which as a whole certainly gathered enough information (especially, it would seem, from Alan Nunn May and Klaus Fuchs) to make Russian atomic development a reality. As conscious and dedicated members of a determined effort to supply Soviet totalitarianism with atomic weapons, the Rosenbergs have to bear their share of responsibility for its actions. The state for which they worked had been guilty already of massacres as abominable as, and even more extensive than, those of the Nazis; and in the same year that the Rosenbergs died, only death seems to have prevented Stalin from carrying through another immense holocaust of lives, the principal victims of which were to have been Soviet Jewry. On January 13, 1953 a number of the highest-ranking Soviet doctors, many of them Jews, were charged with plotting to kill off the Soviet leaders. Harrison Salisbury, then Moscow correspondent for the *New York Times*, wrote that "it was certain that we were headed back to the days of the purge." It took no analytic ability, he adds, to see that one of the obvious and immediate targets would be the Jewish population. It was this state, at the least as immoral as the Nazis', which the Rosenbergs were endeavoring to supply with atomic weapons. I suppose that at least Dr. Jaspers would assent to the judgment passed by Judge Kaufman.



Obviously, therefore, the Rosenberg case is a supremely ill-chosen example with which to make a plea against capital punishment generally. Rather than to have had capital punishment suspended or abolished over this issue, it were better not abolished at all; for the meaning of such an event would be not legal but political,

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and not humanitarian but the opposite.

III

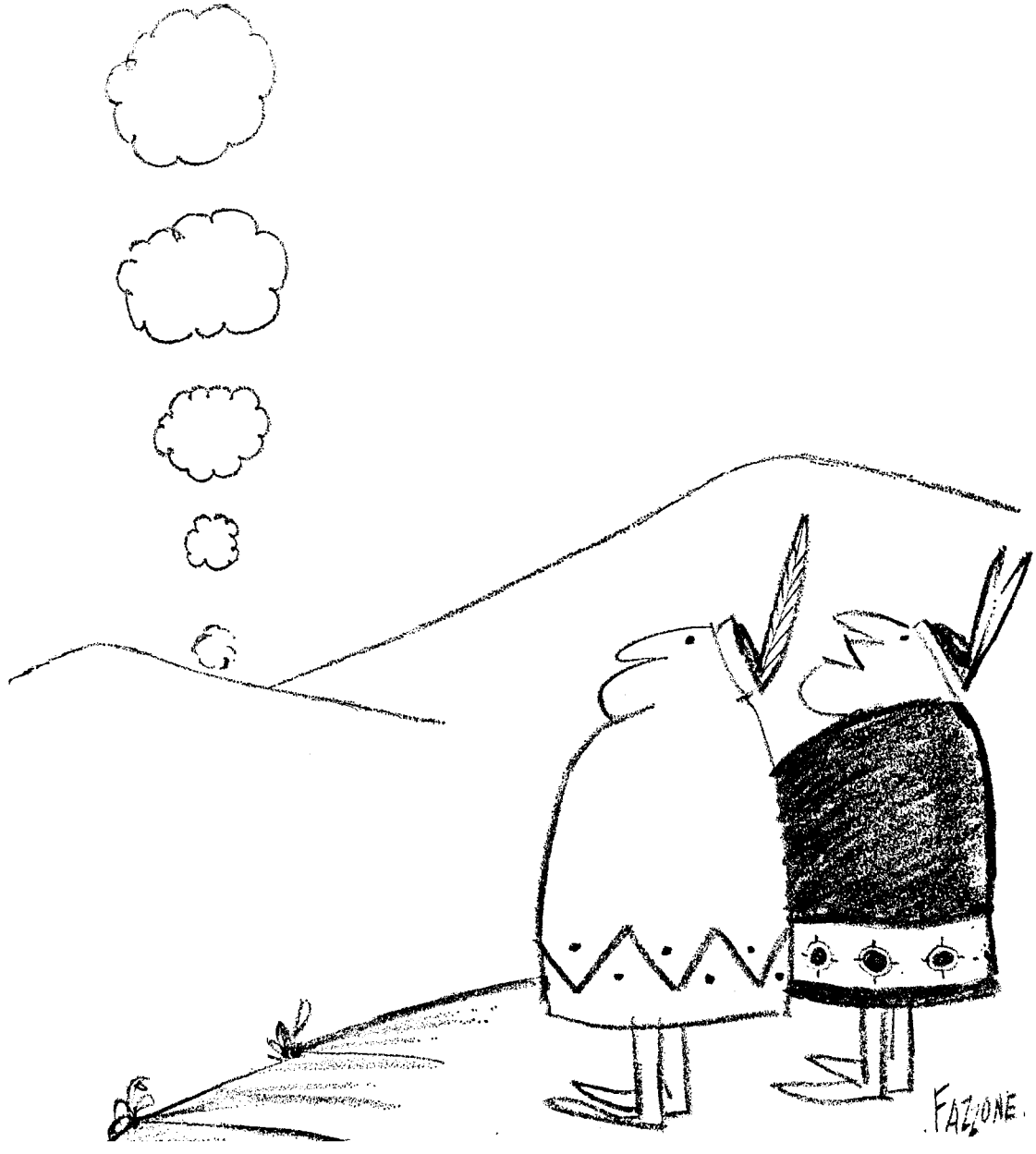
In conclusion, there is the matter of the police controversy, agitated in *Commentary* in February between Thomas R. Brooks on one side, and Messrs David Durk and Ronald Reis of the New York City police department on the other side.

Mr. Brooks seems to embody what might be called an "innocence" ideology, ultimately founded on an irrational spiritual belief in the innocence of everyone, so that the law really cannot be justly invoked against anyone. This optimism seems eccentric, to say the least, in the light of the notorious facts of history alluded to in the Jaspers and Bickel discussions, but Mr. Brooks is not afraid to state it baldly. "Most people pretty much behave themselves most of the time," he assures us, and upon the whole he thinks the presence of the police anywhere gratuitous or ineffective. "The truth of the matter," according to Mr. Brooks, "is that the police do not greatly affect the crime rate."

This is contradicted by common sense and ordinary observation. For example, when the crime rate in subways rose sharply in recent years, it was finally decided to put a policeman on every train. The crime rate, oddly enough, has since dropped 62 per cent, and the juvenile crime rate in the afternoon dropped 90 per cent.

Mr. Brooks, in his idealistic way, will perhaps wish to attempt a different experiment, and put aboard every train a minister, or a social scientist, or a psychotherapist, or a Lenny Bruce-type comedian, or a defense lawyer, so that the accused might avail himself of legal consultation a minute or two after his latest outrage; but from the point of view of common sense, and concern for those rights (the right not to be killed, not even to be maimed, or robbed, or raped) which Mr. Brooks does not seem to concede to the general public, I suppose most people will feel that the police and their supporters were vindicated by the earlier result.

But this matter has perhaps been sufficiently aired already. The statistics quoted by Senator Ribicoff, at the end of the Senate hearings, on urban problems, seem to afford conclusive evidence that the Negroes living in Harlem and Watts—the very groups Mr. Brooks wished to be most careful of protecting—are really very anxious to be protected by the police, not *from* them; they are not anxious that criminals, of whatever race, should be left at large, unpunished, and they want to see police forces in the area increased and strengthened. In fact, then, what they want and need is to be protected from the woolly idealism of Mr. Brooks, and I trust they will be, and the matter may be left to rest there.



" . . . The . . . gods . . . are . . . dead . . . "

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African Affairs

Seven Days' Humiliation

ELSPETH HUXLEY

So the Afro-Asian members of the so-called Commonwealth have at last crowded Mr. Wilson into a corner and got that slippery customer roped and tied. Once more hypnotized by his legerdemain, the press presented as a triumph for the Prime Minister a face-saving communiqué issuing from the bitter Rhodesian debate that occupied seven of the eight days of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference ending in London September 15th. "Wilson Wins Time"; "A Last Chance for Mr. Smith"; "The Commonwealth Saved"; of such were the headlines. In reality, the agreement marked a major British defeat, sustained after seven days' humiliation for the Prime Minister, which even his genius for double-talk, self-deception and standing facts on their heads can scarcely conceal.

Elspeth Huxley

Wilson's Ultimatum

It is plain as a pikestaff that Mr. Smith is not being offered a last chance at all, but confronted with an ultimatum no man in his position could possibly accept. Denied all opportunity to defend his policies, in his absence he has been tried and condemned by politicians who, while prating of democracy, in their own countries practice methods of repression far beyond anything even contemplated in Salisbury. Britain, said Mr. Wilson, has been "sheltering" Mr. Smith; the least Mr. Smith can do in return is to dissolve his government, submit for an indefinite period to direct rule by a British governor on the old colonial model (surely at this point we should call in Mr. Noel Coward?) and hope that, in face of broken promise after broken promise, and of Britain's manifest incapacity to take a stand on anything at all, one-man-one-vote rule *might* be delayed in Rhodesia for two or three years and whites given one or two positions in the government. Even this seems unlikely, in view of the British understanding that their government "will not consent to independence before majority rule unless the people of Rhodesia as a whole are shown to be in favor of it"—a statement that surely marks an all-time high, or low, in double-talk.

If Mr. Wilson *really thinks this is* magnanimously offering Mr. Smith a last chance, the sooner he is stretched on a psychiatrist's couch the better. But of course he thinks nothing of the kind. Our champion woolpuller is merely exercising his craft yet again. If Mr. Smith should reject this magnamimous offer, then he has dug his own grave; there will be no more negotiations; the British will hand over to the United Nations (thereby executing one more right-about-turn) and agree to mandatory sanctions against Rhodesia binding on all members of the UN.

It is here that those who believe Mr. Wilson is securely roped and tied should examine the words of the communiqué with special care. Britain's plainly reluctant commitment "to be prepared to join in sponsoring in the Security Council of the United Nations before the end of this year a resolution providing for effective and selective mandatory sanctions against Rhodesia" is qualified by the proviso "given the full support of the Commonwealth representatives at the United Nations." With four exceptions —Australia, New Zealand, Malta and Malawi—the representatives of all these nations were breathing fire and thunder at the Conference and calling for the use of force—supplied, of course, by others. Would they support a moderate British resolution that did not go the whole hog? Here is a possible out. The support does not have to be unanimous, but "substantial," Mr. Wilson said. This seems to offer scope for a typical Wilsonian wriggle.

The root of the whole disaster was bad intelligence. Rhodesian affairs are handled by the Commonwealth Relations Office, whose position in the Whitehall pecking order has always been extremely low. Before UDI, the Prime Minister's advisers assured him that Mr. Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front by no means commanded the support of all Rhodesian whites, possibly even of a majority. There was assumed to be a large "liberal" element waiting in the wings to repudiate Mr. Smith, should he take the plunge with UDI, and install instead a "moderate" government. At that time Mr. Wilson had never been to any part of Africa himself, and perhaps cannot be blamed for believing his advisers. He has paid dearly for this mistake. There he now is, way out on a limb, all his attempts to wriggle quietly back frustrated by his fellow Prime Ministers. What is more, underneath the bough there lies, head on paws, inert so far but not perhaps forever, a most unprepossessing creature: The Republic of South Africa.

Onward to South Africa?

Short of a miracle, South Africa will not support United Nations sanctions against Rhodesia. This may force Mr. Vorster's Republic into that open defiance of the UN that Dr. Verwoerd so carefully and skilfully avoided. The hue and cry would then be raised to impose sanctions against South Africa. Britain, in her shaky economic position, simply could not afford to abandon one of her most profitable markets and a large chunk of her remaining overseas investments. Almost certainly, to do this would push her over the edge of the abyss and so destroy the pound.

Nor would this be the end of it. To be effective, sanctions would have to be applied to gold, with disastrous effects on the world's currencies and commerce. This would start a chain reaction whose end it would be impossible to see. Afro-Asian nations would bay like hounds for the blood of the hated white South Africans; the dangers of the course on which this disastrous London conference may have set the world are indeed incalculable. Seven days' humiliation for Mr. Wilson could bring something far worse for the rest of us.

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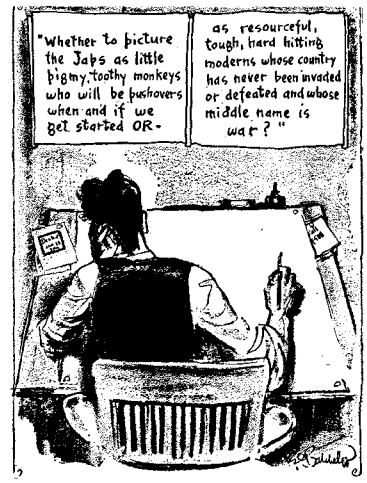
The Best of Batch

JANUARY 24, 1942


"Whether to picture the Japs as little pigmy, toothy monkeys who will be pushovers when and if we get started OR-
as resourceful, tough, hard hitting moderns whose country has never been invaded or defeated and whose middle name is war?"

PULITZER PRIZE—1937

"Come on in. I'll treat you right. I used to know your daddy."

C(larence) D(aniel) Batchelor's political cartoons, which have enhanced NATIONAL REVIEW's pages since 1956, have the elegance and dash of an honored era in American journalism, an era of great syndicates and great circulation figures, an era that valued probity and patriotism. Batch learned cartooning as the occupation of a full artist, an illustrator rather than an editorial side-man. He epitomizes to this day the gentleman stylist. His silvery vistas and delicately pencilled line, his technical solidity, have not changed with the years and bespeak a love of craft. If his drawings often seem too academically beautiful in the context of the day's news, they retain an individual flavor as personal as thumbprints, and no one else uses the classical allegorical conceptions (Uncle Sam, Columbia, the Ship of State) with such authority.

As a boy Batchelor worked on the *Kansas City Star* in his native state. His first political contribution was made at an early age to the Boers in the Boer War. In 1930 Joseph Medill Patterson hired him away from the Post-Ledger Syndicate and installed him at the *New York News*, where he still flourishes, lending his talents to magazines like *The Freeman* and NATIONAL REVIEW or illustrating books like *Wedemeyer Reports*.

The cartoons on these pages represent the decade 1934-1944. They trace history global and domestic, and Batchelor's own changing convictions in regard to the central figure of that epoch, Franklin Roosevelt. They record also a sense of futility in the efficacy of war. A German moustache, a World War I Unknown Soldier, symbolize the past that a succeeding generation was condemned to repeat. In 1937 a Pulitzer Prize rewarded perhaps the most memorable example of this noble theme.

C. D. Batchelor, in person, has all the courtliness of his style on paper. He likes fine old cars and is never seen without one of the many hundreds of canes in his collection. (He caught the cane habit from Thomas Hart Benton, with whom he once shared a studio.) He lives in a 180-year-old Connecticut farmhouse filled with antiques and curiosities. But he is not an antiquarian; he lives in, and relishes, the modern world. As this issue goes to press he is taking his wife to Acapulco; by rail.

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MARCH 28, 1934

"Frank, all great men have thrived on these epithets."

APRIL 8, 1936

MARCH 9, 1944

WONDER IF HE'S A CHAIN SMOKER?

MARCH 22, 1940

THE NIGHTMARE

MARCH 23, 1935

JUNE 24, 1935

After That the Avalanche?

FEBRUARY 17, 1940

The Unknown Soldier: "I guess they figger my son is old enough by now."

MARCH 4, 1942

MARCH 31, 1944

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Seducers of the Emerald Coast

How the great, near great and internationally hip go about developing a new Riviera in bleakest Sardinia —and for only three hundred million smackeroos

TOM SAGE

Very early in the morning, before the *principesse* came down to breakfast, there were only the mosquitoes, and a waiter in a red cummerbund laying tables, and me. A plate-glass window the size of a CinemaScope screen looked out over a glittering blue-and-green bay where sea-going yachts trembled in heat-haze.

One belonged to Stavros Niarchos; another to Baron Edmond de Rothschild; a third to the Aga Khan. The waiter knew his yachts. And was I waiting for someone, sir? Yes, I was. Meanwhile I would look round.

The Cala di Volpe hotel is the pride of the Costa Smeralda. "Emerald Coast" is the name given to this deserted, beautiful northeastern corner of Sardinia by His Highness Prince Karim Aga Khan IV, and a band of wealthy businessmen who have sunk millions of dollars into an attempt to make it into a tourist "paradise." They intend to sink millions more. Results to date are curious.

Cala di Volpe (Bay of the Fox) is a twenty-mile, twenty-dollar taxi ride from drab little Olbia, the nearest seaport. The countryside is mountainous, looking a little like Scotland set down in the Mediterranean. Time and the weather have carved huge rocks into Barbara Hepworth shapes. Wild pigs lollop away through the bushes at the approach of a car. High up, very slowly, eagles turn.

Around a bend, and through a red dust cloud, comes into view something that might be a rambling old chateau-farmhouse. As the road winds downhill, it begins to look more like melting ice cream, abandoned after one spoonful.

The walls are off-white and scrubbed-jeans-blue, the roofs rustically irregular. Everything is irregular, with the possible exception of the floor, which is tiled in dusty red brick squares. A bucolic bridge crosses a moat into a cavernous hall, whose beamed and rushy ceiling is supported by a mushrooming white pillar.

The tables are slabs of dark raw wood, set with painted pottery and thick, warty beakers. The chairs have rushy seats, triangular backs, sharp end upwards.

The air-conditioning was on, and invisible. A large, rust-colored stain dribbled down one wall. It had been painted on.

Soon I was shown up an irregular staircase, into an irregular room with an irregular window (the left side had slipped badly). M. André Ardoin, a French banker and right-hand man of the Aga Khan, identified the yachts for me again.

Ardoin, who has lovely manners, a sharp brown face and rimless spectacles, offered to show me the coast. Trailing a banner of dust, we drove north.

Three Hundred Million

I suggested that the rich and famous would feel pretty safe from the public eye here. M. Ardoin looked a little hurt. I must not think that this was just a millionaires' playground. There would be a place for everyone. If, right now, it didn't look that way, I must remember that this was only the second summer of the first five-year plan. Over the next ten years would spring up ten holiday villages, three yacht harbors, four churches, six thousand villas, golf courses, polo grounds, night clubs, shops, theaters, forty hotels. The whole project would cost something like three hundred million dollars.

We drove on in silence, thinking about three hundred million dollars.

Some surprisingly regular buildings stood by the roadside. "Sewage disposal," said M. Ardoin. "A marvelous American system converts it all into fertilizer and water. I believe they drink it in Boston. We don't here. Nothing goes into the sea."

I looked at the lucky green sea.

"You see why we call it the Emerald Coast."

We passed an emerald policeman, wearing a uniform and peaked New York cop's hat. He had a gun. Ardoin said there were ten of them.

Through the dust a red Volkswagen 1500 with Swiss license plates appeared. A young man in sports shirt and white trousers was standing on a bank of earth, talking to roadworkers.

"There's the Aga," said Ardoin.

Prince Karim, at thirty, is getting a little thin on top, a little thick around the hips, but he is still very handsome. He smiles charmingly. Thirty million Moslems regard him as the descendant of the Prophet.

He leaned into the car, smiled his smile, and shook hands. He spoke in English, switched to Italian for the roadworkers, to French for Ardoin. Then we were off again, enveloped in dust from the red Volkswagen.

Cresting a hill, we looked down on a blue inlet, sheltered by capes of rock from the wind that was whipping the sea white. This, said Ardoin, was Porto Cervo, which had quay space for eighty yachts, room in the bay for six hundred.

"Bigger then Monte Carlo, and the best-equipped in the Mediterranean. We opened last year with a very successful regatta. Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon came."

I seemed to remember an accident —hadn't the Princess fallen in the sea? No, she had not: the Aga's yacht *Amaloun* had struck a rock and developed a list; so Princess Margaret, Lord Snowdon, the Aga, his friend Annouchka, her mother and M. Ardoin went ashore in rubber boats.

Prince Karim was now striding along the jetty with a retinue of lawyers, architects and others. The wind snapped at the blueprint in his hand. He invited us to examine a

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storm drain, and one after another we lowered our heads into a manhole and admired fuel pipes, water pipes, electric cables, telephone wires.

The Aga said: "This is the first village. It stretches round to that cape, where I have a villa. That's the Porto Cervo hotel over there. Those arches by the water cover the shops." He talked in a light, slightly singsong voice, enthusiastic, smiling. "Isn't it incredible to think there was just nothing here at all two years ago?"

He drove me along the quay in the Volkswagen and up into the village.

"Have you seen our beaches? Oh you must, we have eighty, all pure white sand. We own more than twenty thousand acres, that's forty miles of coast. We had to buy a lot of inland stuff, even that mountain." He pointed. "But at least we can stop people building on it."

All plans, he explained, must be approved by an architectural committee. There would be no skyscraper blocks, trailer or camping sites. Nothing, in fact, over two stories high.

We were walking under the arched gallery, past a pink-and-white supermarket, a hairdresser, a jeweler, a night club. Across the tiny piazza sat the hotel, whitewashed and less ambitious than the Cala, but basically the same blend of painless, costly, simple-lifery.

White villas climbed the hillside. We went into one. It was small, pretty, irregular. A big rock sprouted from the living room floor.

"It was such an interesting shape, the architect left it there." Prices for these cottages start at around fifteen thousand dollars.

We moved on up the coast to "La Pitrizza." This was the oddest of all. In name, another hotel; in practice, a Stonehenge-like settlement of low, dark dwellings, clustered round a mother-dwelling by the edge of the sea. Weeds sprang profusely from the cottage roofs. They were being watered by a boy in jeans. A line of fishermen's laundry flapped in the wind. It appeared genuine.

There was no doubt about the genuineness of the scampi we ate for lunch, or the baroque *dolce* that followed.

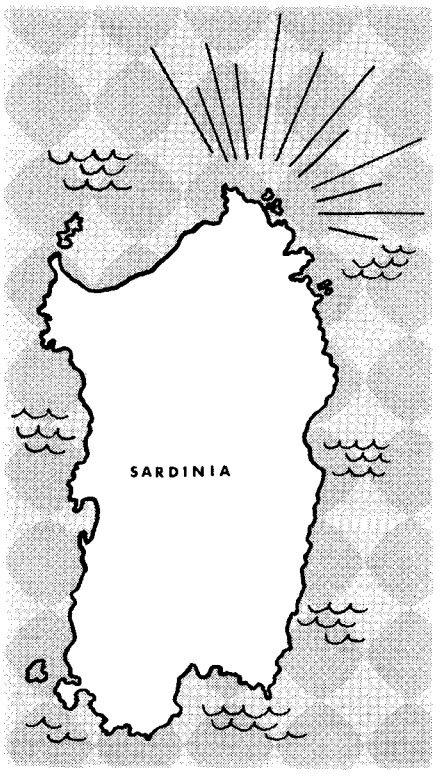
Later we walked round, admiring the irregular swimming pool, carved from solid rock, while the Aga told how he had first come here four years ago and liked it all so much that he had bought it.

"Yes, of course I'd like to make money—if I *don't* the whole thing would be a failure—but that's not the only reason. We want to develop the coast seriously, not exploit it. There's a big difference."

He wanted to prevent the speculators who had followed him from ruining the place, putting vulgarity everywhere, he said. Now he was off to talk to Niarchos, on his yacht. "He's got a tourist island in the Aegean." He smiled. "I want to pick his brains."

A speedboat was coming to pick him up. He went to the sea wall and stood looking out, slapping his leg with a cane, alone.

We returned to the Cala di Volpe. It was the cocktail hour and numbers



of sophisticated people stood about holding drinks and talking of yachts. It was a fine set for a Hitchcock movie: at any moment Cary would come from behind that irregular pillar, holding a small gun, and seize the blonde in the armchair by her wrist.

There *was* a blonde in the chair, but her escort looked like Picasso, not Cary. He was neither: he was M. Jacques Couelle, the Cala's architect, famous in France, where he has built many an irregular home for a regular price.

Couelle says things like, "Construction and prostitution are the oldest professions, and neither has evolved," and, "I believe in ignorance: you need only be able to read, write and count."

The girl wore high black boots and looked as though she might believe in ignorance, too.

"You like selling?" she asked, with a heavy French accent.

"Selling what?"

Couelle was saying, "The purpose of housing is to go back to the womb."

I decided it was time to go back to Olbia.

But there, at the bar of my modest, straight up-and-down hotel, another group was gathered. They were talking of the Costa, and it was plain that they were "the opposition." Everyone, it seemed, was in real estate. North and south of the Aga's stretch, all had been snapped up. Only one elderly peasant had refused to sell.

"They offered him a hundred million lire. Naturally, he doubled it. I can wait, he says."

"One poor guy, back in 'fifty-nine, sold this little island, just a lump of rock, for three million. Today it's worth a hundred million."

I learned that the younger sons of peasant families had been luckiest. They had traditionally inherited the barren coastal land. Now it was just that land that was most valuable.

"So the kids drive up and down these lousy roads in their E3 Jags killing each other, themselves, and anyone who happens to be passing. They buy their mother's washing machines, but there's no electricity, they fit out lavatories, but there's no water."

"What about the ones who don't own land?"

"They can be waiters, darling. 'Hand-picked peasants,' the Aga's publicity men call them."

The room was full of smoke and noise and financial argument. I picked up a glossy magazine and began to read. It was all about the Costa. I looked at the title: *Smeralda*. The names of celebrities who adored the

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place tumbled over each other: "Princess Grace, Princess Soraya, Princess Ira de Furstenberg; the Duke of Bedford, Lord Drogheda, Lord Camrose; Sam Spiegel, Ingrid Bergman, Frank Sinatra. . . ."

Someone was telling me: "People say hard things about the Cala and the rest of it; 'chi-chi,' and so on—but how could it have been done better? And the coast really is beautiful, you must agree. If it's being spoiled, well, people spoil everything, but it was bound to happen sometime, and why not. At least this is a seduction, not a rape."

I agreed, reading on. The celebrity list was nearing the end. ". . . The Marchese Wautier d'Assche, Kiki Brandolini, Barone Freddy Rolin, Conte Marzotto, Jean Marc Tennberg, Gilles de Brissac, il giovane Conte Dona dalle Rose, Mme. Francine Weisweiller. . . ."

Cala di Volpe gin was mixing uneasily with the Hotel Itala's Scotch. I went over to the window. There was a nice storm brewing outside, with big flashes of lightning over the sea. I put my hand against the glass, which was cool, then transferred hand to forehead, without noticeable result.

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"You can't defeat an idea with napalm!"

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Letter from the Continent

Crisis in German Defense

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The resignation of several German generals has attracted considerable attention recently, largely because the German army is still viewed in many quarters with uneasiness, suspicion, alarm—even hatred. Naturally just about everybody wants peace, and the German army seems to many to be the very prototype of the instrument of war. In fact these fears are largely groundless. Army men like routine and drill; they become immersed in bureaucratic and disciplinary questions; they are barracks-centered and wars mean the disruption of an order they painstakingly cultivate. The modern general is one-third administrator, one-third technologist and one-third "military scientist." There is no indication that the German General Staff "wanted war" either before 1914 or even before 1939. In fact, World War II was forced upon it by "the Party" and high army officers played an important role in anti-Hitler conspiracies from 1934 until the bitter end. Where else in the world could one have found the head of the counter-intelligence (Admiral Canaris) working against his own government?

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Of course, no German army existed before the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. The so-called Austro-Prussian War of 1866 was fought between the several armies of the German League and Prussia (allied with Italy). Even between 1870 and 1918 no German army existed formally. In 1914 Germans joined their local regiments to pledge loyalty to the King of Prussia, the King of Bavaria, the Grand-Duke of Hesse or the Senate (!) of the Republic of Hamburg. The creation of a German army (Reichswehr), was the work of the unitary Weimar Republic.

By 1919 the newly created Reichswehr was spiritually homeless, neither particularly loyal to the Republic nor as disloyal as frequently maintained. (The mutual distrust between Hitler and the Reichswehr—later Wehrmacht—which had not promoted him, was never dissipated and eventually led to the creation of the fanatical Waffen-SS.)

The Bundeswehr of today is equally "homeless." Armies cannot be decreed. They need not only devoted experts, leaders and organizers, but also powerful traditions and symbols. Yet the glories of what might possibly be called an all-German army lie back in the nineteenth century, while in our times—in spite of individual victories—there have been two cataclysmic defeats. While the German Bundeswehr of today can take some pride in the World War I record —after all, the Central Powers stood off almost the entire globe—it is also true that the German army was dragged into World War II knowing that it served an evil tyrant and prophesying its own defeat. Rommel's star is still shining, thanks not to his African victories but to his tragic death.

It could not, then, have been easy to forge the new officer corps. The old German army prided itself on its unflinching readiness to carry out orders, its non-political character. While these features caused the world a good deal of trouble, it remains that their passing is a mixed blessing. To become a professional soldier requires almost as much of a vocation as to become a priest or minister. The magnetism of strong ideals is absolutely necessary to a penurious and sacrificial existence. The German Federal Republic, however, lacks all *mystique.*

The resignation of the generals, the hue and cry raised over the Starfighter jet crashes, the massive attacks against Defense Minister Kai-Uwe von Hassel and Chancellor Erhard, the protests against an official letter from the Ministry of Defense permitting soldiers to join trade unions (for public employees): all these are external signs of a deep unrest within the Bundeswehr, of a lack of image, a dissatisfaction with the soft, unimaginative Erhard regime, of an uneasiness about certain alliances—with France and, far more so, with the United States.

The officers and non-coms who entered the Bundeswehr in the early 1950s are principally central and east Germans (i.e. expellees), whereas the west and south German element is insufficiently represented. I have before me an interesting document, the resumé of an investigation of the Defense Committee of the CSU, the independent Bavarian sister-party of the CDU. This report is based on a painstaking investigation of the present mood among army men in Bavaria and it points out that the period during which the army was prone to become a CDU-CSU organization is over. Its passing was underscored by the enforced resignation of Franz Josef Strauss as Federal War Minister. During Strauss' rule—he was very popular with the men as well as with the officers—the CDU-CSU was on the ascendant. But, since the Karlsruhe Manifesto, in which the Social Democrats made distinct overtures to the army, the Socialists have gained support in all quarters. But the definitely nationalistic National Democratic Party (NDP) is also gaining ground rapidly. On top of this, von Hassel is considered to be an uninspired bureaucrat who constantly reaffirms the superiority and authority of Bonn over the Bundeswehr. He is convinced that generals should obey and not engage in politics. Yet here is another snag: generals are experts; cabinet ministers are politicians and thus amateurs (*vide*: McNamara and his whiz kids in the Pentagon). This poses a problem that is not easily solved in a democracy. These problems and questions are also connected with another conundrum: the basic role of the Bundeswehr which is war. Here is an army without atomic weapons, exposed to medium-distance Soviet rockets. This, of course, is a political question but its resolution will actively affect the morale of the German army which is—aside from the U.S.—the only major military force in Western Europe.

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Home to Italy

ALEC WAUGH

The wings of the Boeing tilted and there below me were the dome of St. Peter's, the terraces of the Coliseum, the broken columns of the Forum and the swift brown Tiber. My heart lifted, as it always does at the sight of Rome. To men of my generation, nurtured in a classical tradition, Rome must be always the world's first city. At the age of seven it was more real to me than my native London. I knew the outlines of its history. On my nursery mantelpiece was a statuette of the she-wolf suckling Romulus and Remus. Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* were the first poems I read. My imagination was lit by the picture of brave Horatius seeing "on Palatinus the white porch of his home." The Tiber, "Father Tiber to whom the Romans pray," had a glamor that my own Thames lacked. To a new generation for whom Latin is not a required subject, Rome cannot have the same significance. Yet, surely even now it is "The Eternal City."

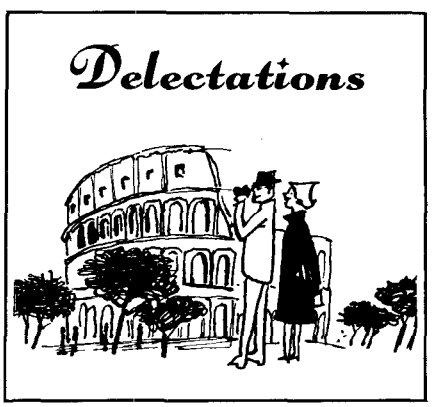
On this trip I was not stopping in Rome, I was bound for Sicily for Taormina, where I had not been before, and in retrospect I am forced to admit that it was the least successful holiday I have ever taken. The weather was appalling. I did not swim once. Only twice in a couple of weeks was it warm enough for the hotel to set out its lunch tables on the terrace. During a two-day excursion by motor coach to Palermo over an atrocious road, it rained uninterruptedly. There is nothing to do, in Taormina, in weather such as that. There is a fine Greek theater, for which half an hour suffices. The town is a semicircle of houses set half way up a hill. During the twenty minutes that it takes you to walk from one end of it to the other, you will find several vantage spots from which to get a superb view of the coast and of snow-capped Etna. But that is all. Sicily needs the sun. The manager of my hotel assured me that there was no precedent for rain in May. "Why, it is so hot here that our season ends in June. Tomorrow, you will see; the skies will clear." But the rains persisted. A rain-ruined holiday in fact. Yet, I returned to England, refreshed and restored; as I always do after a trip to Italy.

I think Italy does that for most of us. Modern history, after all, starts in 1453 with the fall of Constantinople. Whatever our individual origins may be, we are all in the last analysis the heirs of the Renaissance, of that sudden flooding of men's minds with new ideas of which our contemporary way of life is a returning to a base, a reminder of where and how we started.

Usually when I go abroad, I supply myself with letters of introduction. I need as a novelist to know how the residents live, so that I can make the place the background for a story. But not in Italy. My first time there I learnt my lesson. It was in 1924. I went as the guest of C. K. Scott Moncrieff, the translator of Proust. He had a flat in Florence but had moved out to a hotel in Montecatini because a friend wanted to "take the waters." He reassured me when I looked disappointed. "We'll go into Florence two or three times a week. That's the best way to take it, in short doses." I soon saw what he meant. Florence was very full of literary personalities —Norman Douglas, Harold Acton, Orioli, Reginald Turner whose friendship with Max Beerbohm has recently brought him into posthumous prominence. To this period belongs the quatrain:

D. H. Lawrence
Has gone to Florence;
If he'd been Compton MacKenzie
He'd have gone to Firenze.

Every time Moncrieff took me into Florence, it was to a party. I heard a great deal of witty talk; I ate much excellent food and consumed much enlivening local wine. I had a fine time, but I did not once get inside the Uffizi galleries.



I was on my guard, thirty-five years later, when I first went to Capri. Long before Tiberius built his villa on its highest peak, Capri had established a hedonistic tradition of self-indulgence. It has the charm all islands have, of being cut off from the main traffic of the world's affairs. Its climate for most of the year is without liabilities. It is as picturesque today as it can have ever been. Motor cars are not allowed to drive through the narrow lanes lined with white and pink oleanders, that are so pleasant to saunter down after dinner. It has one of the most photogenic squares in a country that specializes in photogenic squares. Its beaches may not be the equal of the Lido's but there are several of them, and each is backed by restaurants that present a variety of quality and price. The smartest one is run by Gracie Fields. There are four or five long walks and innumerable short ones. There are elegant boutiques; there is a chair-lift on Anacapri. During the early years of the century, this was the refuge of a number of eccentrics. It was the setting for Norman Douglas' *South Wind* and Compton MacKenzie's *Vestal Fire* and *Extraordinary Women*. Axel Munthe built a villa which is now exploited as a museum. So many men and women whose "names make news" have loitered there that Capri itself is news.

When I came back, my friends questioned me avidly. What was it like now? Who was there? I told them about the restaurants that I preferred, about a picnic at the Tiberio villa, about an excellent soft drink compounded of fresh orange juice and a vanilla water ice. But that was not what they wanted to hear. "We know all about that," they said. "Whom did you see?"

"Hardly any one," I said. "I just ran into one or two people whom I knew." I told them who they were. I gave their names. They were tourists like myself. "What about Count ———?" they asked.

(Continued on p. 1011)

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A new book by Wm. F. Buckley will soon go to press. Here's how you can get an advance copy of what is sure to be the season's most talked-about bestseller. Read on!

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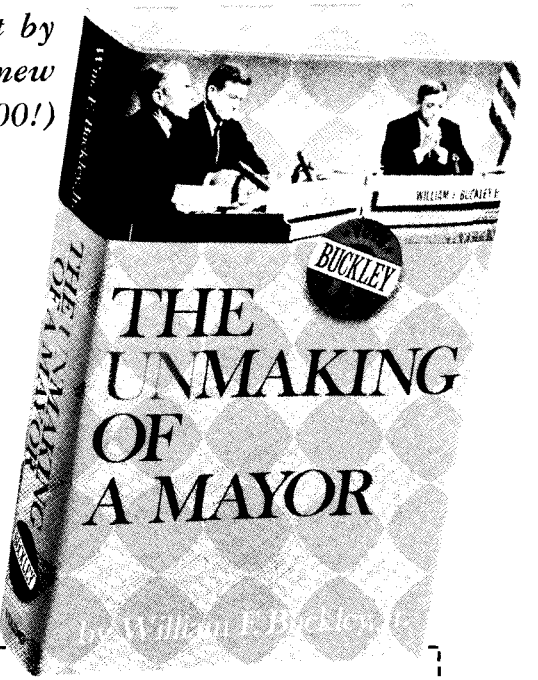

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● **Can Race and Religion be kept out of politics?** Buckley shows how *both* were injected into the campaign by the very people who decried prejudice, and how *anything* said about the issues which naturally concerned the vast majority of New Yorkers was alleged to be thinly-veiled bigotry. (Example: ". . . the Conservative candidate came right out in the open on crime in the streets, drug addiction, protest demonstrations and all the other code words for race prejudice." – Joseph Kraft, New York *Post*.)

● **What is the real effect of Welfare Programs?** Huge Welfare expenditures make New York City's budget second only to the Federal government's — yet Buckley shows conclusively why and how these giant give-aways are a major reason for the city's decline (see especially the section "New York Is Not Hong Kong").

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The Negro Revolution—A New Phase

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

THE NEGRO REVOLUTION is entering a new stage. The most dramatic and obvious sign of this development is, of course, the spreading slogan of Black Power. But this is only one facet of a much deeper transformation in the aims and character of the Negro movement, a transformation which is as pronounced in the integrationist sector as it is in the separatist black-power sector.

Meyer

I have for some time been reading widely the analyses, pronouncements, polemics, of the protagonists, black and white, of the Negro movement. What emerges is a virtually unanimous conclusion. Sometimes it is expressed in the openly revolutionary rhetoric of Stokely Carmichael, sometimes in the more dulcet welfarist rhetoric of Bayard Rustin or A. Philip Randolph. In either case, and in all the modulations of tone between, the stark fact emerges that the Negro movement has passed over from a program of "civil rights" to a program of confiscatory socialism, revolutionary in its essence.

From Carmichael's threatenings of unfocused violence to Randolph's $100-billion freedom budget to abolish Negro poverty, many and myriad are the changes rung on the theme. Carmichael thunders that "the economic foundations of this country must be shaken . . . a totally different America must be born." Rustin demands "an equitable share of the abundance of the 'great society' "—equitable, from the context of the discussion, meaning that political power must assure the Negroes 12 per cent of the national income whether they earn it or not. Neither faction ever makes clear just how a group comprising that small percentage of the population is to achieve this raid upon the substance of the great majority. The integrationists talk of political power to be achieved by bloc participation in the traditional political parties; the supporters of Black Power propose separate Negro parties holding the balance of political power. But always, whether openly proclaimed or simmering below the surface of the rhetoric, is the threat of blackmail by violence.

IT IS A threat which the leaders of this country, from Stevenson and Robert Kennedy to Humphrey and Johnson, have made only too real by condoning violence and blaming the worst outbreaks in the history of this country not on the immorality and barbarism of the participants, but on "poverty" and "conditions." While the solid Negroes of the nation are as much concerned with the preservation of law and order (a point convincingly demonstrated in recent studies of Harlem and Watts) as their white neighbors, a Liberal ideological approach has encouraged an alliance of agitators with criminal elements to create a climate of terror on a scale never before seen in American society.

Apart, however, from the civil indecency of this riot and pillage, the threat of its continuation and enlargement has become the main stock-in-trade of the leaders of the Negro revolution, even the more moderate. In the now concluding first stage of the revolution, the so-called civil rights movement, it was used again and again as the final sanction to achieve legislative and judicial decisions, patently unconstitutional and often violative of individual rights. Today, the results of permitting the continuation of this atmosphere of terror can be even more disastrous. Without their reliance upon the threat of violence, the pretensions of leaders who propose a confiscatory revolution against nine-tenths of the population would be seen for the absurdity they are. The Negro community might begin to face the great and difficult task, the shouldering of which is the only course for substantial and permanent improvement of the Negro condition: the establishment of community norms and normal authority, the encouragement of hard work and enterprise, the rallying of the community against its own criminal and disruptive elements.

WHILE the threat of violence is the practical factor that makes it possible for the Negro leaders to dream of confiscatory redistribution as a focus for the chaotic energies of the Negro revolution, an ideological factor, also created by Liberalism, gives that dream apparent rational substance. This is the egalitarian myth that anyone who is in any way worse off than anyone else can be so only because of oppression or distortion arising from evil men or evil circumstances. If individual *A* fails where individual *B* succeeds, it is always the fault of external circumstances, never of his quality or his effort or his moral fiber. Similarly, if group x fails to achieve proportion y of the goods of life, it is forbidden to inquire (even after allowing for a harsh history) of the qualities of the group in its average; instead, all the powers of an omnicompetent state must be brought to bear to take from those who have achieved and give to those who have not.

This is the essence of that marriage of egalitarianism with unbridled state power that in its various manifestations is called Communism, socialism, welfarism. When a whole nation takes this road, it finds that it has not abolished inequality; it has only handed the goods of society to the most ruthless and power-hungry, reducing the rest to faceless atoms. But for a small minority to dream of achieving well-being through confiscatory measures leveled at the majority has not even the substance of that nightmare. It can only dissipate the good will that, despite the diatribes of the preachers of black racism, does exist among the majority towards Negro self-betterment and advancement. Worse, it will turn aside the Negro community from that task of self-improvement which is the only answer to its condition.

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Stop the Milieu, I've Got to Get Off

JEFFREY HART

Now and then in England, if less often in America, one comes across the sort of intellectual whose lonely emancipation from Liberalism is based less upon intellect than upon taste, upon sheer stylistic self-respect. There are of course plenty of intellectual objections to Liberalism, and these are well known; but sometimes the really decisive thing can be the experience of participating, day to day, in the Liberal sub-culture itself. Liberalism does have a few birds of wondrous plumage perched uneasily amidst the jackdaws, but, on the whole, participating in the Liberal milieu is like being locked into an endless conversation with James Wechsler, Lord Snow, and some square-jawed, horn-rimmed, Selma-marching atheist Quaker from Boston, while all the while there runs, as background, a soundless film of Lenny Bernstein conducting. One doesn't have to be a philosopher to look for an exit. The mere man of sensibility cries out Stop! I've had enough.

George Orwell, for example, A. J. P. Taylor, and Malcolm Muggeridge are disparate figures indeed, but they have in common a thorny independence, and in each case one senses that it derives from an instinctive stylistic judgment. In their different ways they are all fastidious, especially about words, but not only about words; and they have found the philistine not, as Arnold did, upon the Woodford Branch, but on the BBC panel, in the editorial offices of the Liberal weekly, in the university common room, in what Muggeridge calls the "inimitable" editorial prose of the *New York Times*.

The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge, by Malcolm Muggeridge. Simon and Schuster, $5.95

One remembers Orwell's "Politics and the English Language," and his almost physical revulsion from Professor Laski's prose, as well as his contemptuous comments about the personal style of the "progressives" in *The Road to Wigan Pier*. Similarly, there is a direct connection between A. J. P. Taylor's honed epigrams and his inability to "go along," to accept, for instance, the Liberal poster-myth of World War II, or the conventional estimates of Churchill, Chamberlain, Hitler, or Franco. Can one for a moment imagine a court poet like Arthur Schlesinger Jr. remarking, as Taylor did recently in the *New Statesman*, of all places, that "inside every leftist there is a dictator struggling to get out, and he usually does"?

Muggeridge's style, like that of Orwell and Taylor, is a kind of moral symbol, the mark of a man whose judgment is individual, not collective. The essays gathered here are a miscellaneous lot, culled from the enormous production of a professional journalist, and a number of them, it must be admitted, are highly perishable—added, it may be, to pad out the volume. But in the best of them Muggeridge is a master of the *mot juste*, one of the great phrasemakers of our time, a sort of Alexander Pope in prose, and he presents us with a gallery of our own Walpoles, Herveys, and worse. At Yalta, "enfolded in the luminosity of a common cause, a common dedication to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for all mankind," there met "Roosevelt with his large expanse of sirloin countenance, neon-lit . . . and Stalin with his wary slit eyes, staring like some Mongolian shepherd at a distant prospect, brooding on loot and murder and vast metal statues of himself to be erected in distant places." The word "metal" there is the Popeian touch.

And here is a procession for a *Dunciad* of our own, the progressives who visited Moscow during the Thirties: "They were hilarious—clergymen reverently walking through anti-God museums, Quakers smiling radiantly as they were told that in the USSR capital punishment had been abolished, liberals overjoyed to learn that what amounted to proportional representation had been introduced, town planners looking up awed at gimcrack buildings which were beginning to fall down before they were completed, feminists who could not contain their joy when they beheld women sweeping the streets on equal terms with men." Muggeridge, indeed, is a connoisseur of some of the wilder ironies of our time: "In Nuremberg the fallen tyrants were brought to justice, Ribbentrop and the other accused hanging their heads and confessing to their judges, Soviet luminaries among them, that they had consented to the partition of Poland in accordance with the terms of the Nazi-Soviet pact as concluded between Stalin and Hitler. Thus was the majesty of international law upheld."

Muggeridge's verbal exuberance produces a cascade of fine things. Anthony Eden "was not only a bore, he bored for England." We hear of "the fathomless French duplicity of Clemenceau," of "Woodrow Wilson's Princetonian virtue," a "ferret-faced Monty, with two badges in his hat." C. P. Snow is a "power pornographer," and for him "to join a government is rather as though Lawrence had taken a job as a gamekeeper." Those books on JFK by Sorensen and Schlesinger Jr. are "plaster pyramids," and in them one looks in vain for any connection between "this lay figure of a model President, and the easy-going, amorous, rather indolent and snobbish, amiable and agreeable American patrician of whom the late President's intimates used sometimes to speak in private conversation." Muggeridge's justly famous essay on "Waylanding," one might think, would render forever derisory the posturings of those Liberals who turn

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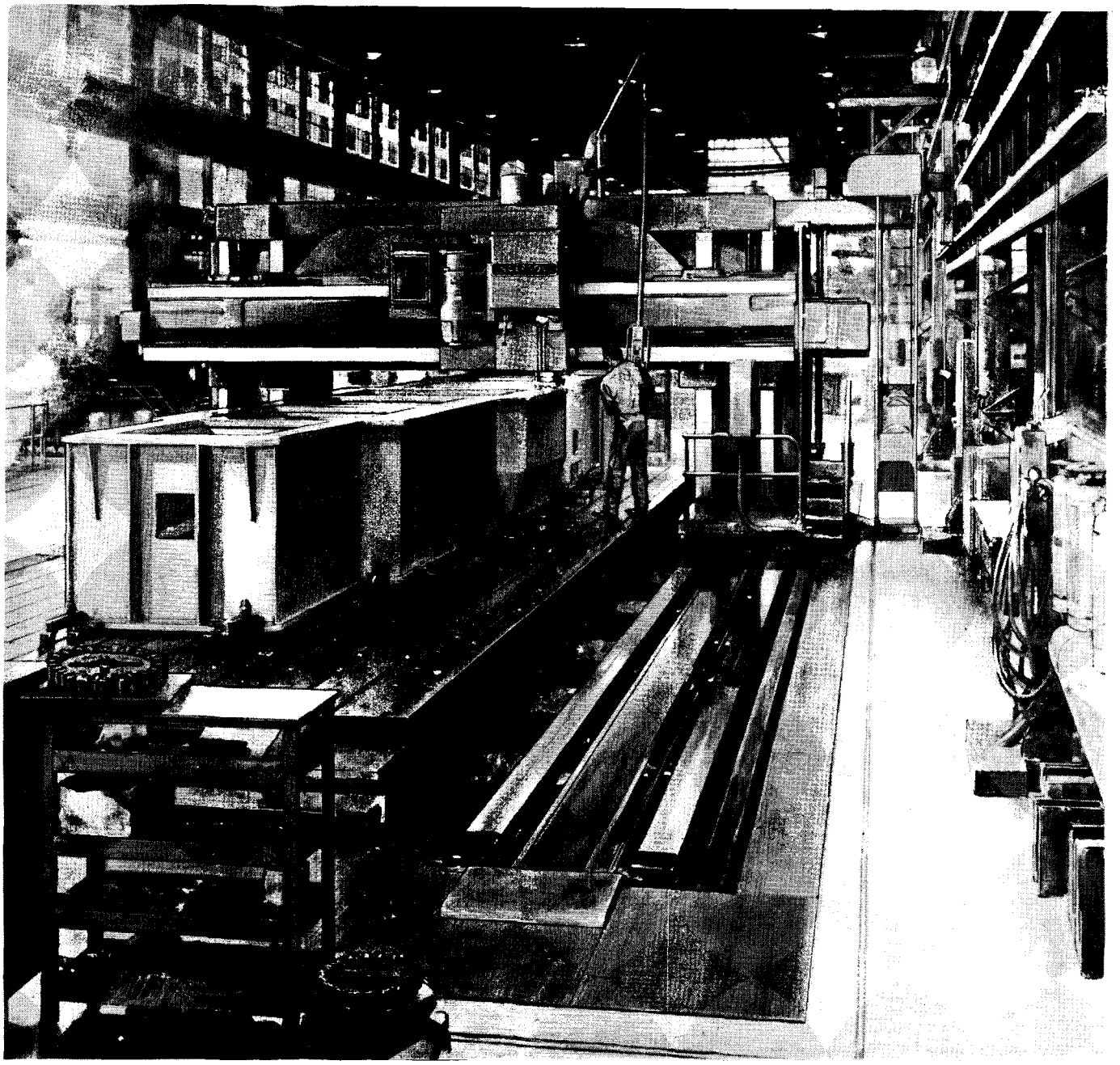

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sex into a cause—did one not know that Liberalism remains firmly sealed against laughter.

If this miscellaneous collection has a dominant theme, it is the decadence of England, a decadence that must be a palpable fact to anyone who has visited the country recently. "Each time I return to England," writes Muggeridge, "the country seems a little more run-down than when I went away; its streets a little shabbier, its railway carriages and restaurants a little dingier, the editorial pretensions of its newspapers a little emptier, and the vainglorious rhetoric of its politicians a little more fatuous." For Muggeridge, the epitome of that fatuity is Harold Macmillan, of "decomposing visage and somehow seedy attire . . . blowing through his moustache to the effect that 'Britain has been great, is great, and will continue to be great' "; but one can easily imagine that Muggeridge would find equally apposite symbolism in Harold Wilson, whose face and manner on the TV screen quite literally cannot now be distinguished from those of a satirist who regularly "takes him off" over the BBC. The typical irrelevance of English gestures (one thinks of Wilson "dissociating" himself from the American bombings) Muggeridge epitomizes in a paragraph Swift himself would have admired about Harold Macmillan's pilgrimage to Russia:

> Never can I forget him in Kiev during his visit to the USSR and Mr. Khrushchev. He was dressed in a tweed ensemble suitable for rural occasions, worn, I should suppose, at many a Conservative garden fête. His speech, delivered with old-style elegance, referred to how in the eleventh century a Ukrainian princess had married into the English royal house. Might not this union, he went on, be regarded as a happy augury for future relations between the two countries whose history and traditions had so much in common? The crowd, as is usual on such occasions in the USSR, consisted of government officials, with a top dressing of plain-clothes police—solidly built, gray-faced men in issue suitings, containing ample room for a slung gun, and with wide trouser ends. I studied their granite expressions as the Prime Minister's oratorical flow washed over them. In just one or two of their faces I thought I detected a faint trace of wonderment, a tiny flicker of an eyelid, a minute fold of incredulity around the mouth. The others remained inscrutable, their pleasure in their former princess's London nuptials, if any, well under control.

Fiction

Once More, a Little Louder

GUY DAVENPORT

ONE CAN GET a Ph.D. in novel scribbling already, so that Miss Margaret Walker, who has written a 497-page romance which the publishers hope "will inevitably be called the Negro *Gone with the Wind*," makes her début with three more degrees than Tolstoy (drop-out, U. of Kazan), two more than Goethe (drop-out, Leipzig), and four more than Dickens (drop-out, grammar school). Miss Walker's whopper of a novel begins:

> May Liza, how come you so restless and uneasy? You must be restless in your mind.
> I is. I is . . .

Which raises several questions (besides that of the integrity of constructing a work of art wholly of clichés—my careful reading of the novel failed to find "Fote Sumter's been farred upon mah reg'mint leaves tomorrah," but I feel I've overlooked it). One question is: did Negroes in Georgia in the 1840s talk like that? The linguists don't seem to know (and Mencken doesn't know) and I suspect that Lorenzo Dow Turner and Raven Ioor McDavid, those diligent students of the most beautiful English spoken in the United States, they don't know either. But it's a good guess that the mixture of minstrel show "nigger talk" and white trash whine that Dr.

Jubilee, by Margaret Walker. Houghton Mifflin, $5.95

A Dandy in Aspic, by Derek Marlowe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, $4.95

The Extreme Occident, by Petru Dumitriu. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $6.95

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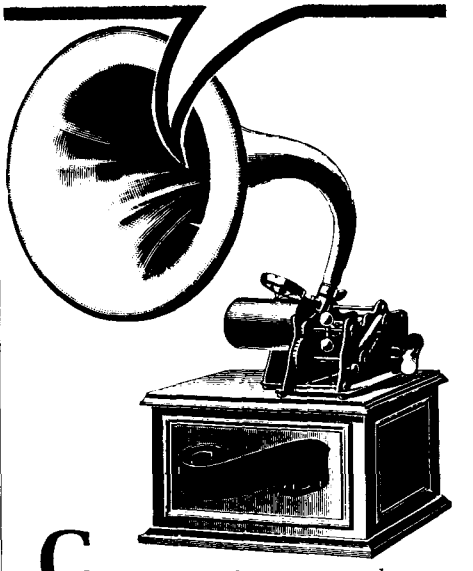

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Walker gives to her characters would have made eyes pop had it been heard in the pre-War South.

But it little matters that the dialects are fake when the novel from end to end is about a place and a people who never existed. The world Margaret Mitchell concocted out of the corporate make-believe of the late Confederacy didn't exist, either. Mark Twain was the first sedulous dispeller of the Southern myth, and Henry Adams worked just as hard to show that the South as depicted by novelists and sentimentalists has all the reality of dragons, cowboys, and knights errant. Faulkner gave a lifetime and W. J. Cash a fine book (*The Mind of the South*) to demonstrating the distance between the magnolia-and-gracious-manners myth and the reality. To no avail, of course—one might as well have tried to convince Delia Bacon that Shakespeare wrote those plays.

But if you want to go strolling through the myth again, here it is, nothing left out: darkies singing out beyond the watermelon patch, the cruel overseer, the frigid wife, the handsome son, the underground railway, the War, Reconstruction—even a plot of sorts. Miss Walker pleads that the story is True (creative writing teachers *used* to close their eyes in despair and say as patiently as possible that truth usually makes abominable fiction; perhaps they've forgotten). But what Miss Walker has written is a lot of tushery that comes out of books, out of Frank Yerby and Margaret Mitchell. There is something deeply ironic in a Negro's underwriting the made-up South of the romancers, agreeing to every convention of the trade. The irony is deeper still when we consider that slavery was far stranger and more terrible than the myth that Miss Walker has swallowed hook, line, and sinker.

DEREK MARLOWE'S *A Dandy in Aspic* is either a spy meller or a parody of one—who can tell the difference? Part John le Carré, part Ian Fleming (which is to say, to be scrupulous about genealogies, part John Buchan, part E. Phillips Oppenheim), this elegantly plotted tec makes Holmes' and Dr. Moriarty's pursuit of each other look like a game of hide-and-seek on a suburban lawn. The spy novel has reached its rococo period, and hypertrophy with backward tail feather and forward toe leads the dance. But Mr. Marlowe is an accomplished master of the trade, and before one is halfway through his Byzantine plot anything at all has become plausible. The very roaches in Berlin must surely be crawling microphones. Beyond saying that British Intelligence gives one of its master double agents the task of catching himself, the honest reviewer cannot say more about the plot. Only

Random Notes

● NEWS BOOKS: Delicious visions of Max Factor hiring private detectives and then explaining it all to Congress are conjured up by news of Toni Stabile's *Cosmetics: Trick or Treat,* a Naderesque goody coming from Hawthorn ($4.95). How'd Fred Cook miss this one? . . . Richard H. Popkin's *The Second Oswald,* which ran in the *New York Review of Books* last summer, is being expanded for publication as a paperback (Avon, 95 cents); may be the first in a series of collaborations between Avon and *NYRB*. . . . Horror fans will love *Kennedy Campaigning: The System and the Style,* by Murray B. Levin, an assessment of Teddy's 1962 effort (Beacon, $5.95). . . . A Col. Robert Rigg tells *How to Stay Alive in Vietnam* in a grisly little volume (Stackpole, $1.95); sedentary types may prefer *Bobby Fischer Teaches Chess,* which purports to do the job in ten hours, *sans* board or arcane notation, through a Q-and-A approach to 275 possible moves (Basic Systems, Inc., September, $6.95).

The Glass Harmonica is Barbara Byfield's guide to wizards, witches, dragons and other such creatures (Macmillan, $6.95). . . . New for exploration fans are Rhys Carpenter's *Beyond the Pillars of Heracles,* discoveries of the ancient explorers as described in their own words (Delacorte, $5.00), and *How They Saw the New World* by Ernst and Johanna Lehner, which includes 180 old maps and pictures dating from those Vikings to Columbus (Tudor, $7.95). . . . Delacorte has "postponed indefinitely" publication of *2001: A Space Odyssey,* book version by Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick of a megabuck MGM film now in the works.

● REPRINTS AND REISSUES: Barnes & Noble will reprint all eighteen volumes of *The Criterion,* the review edited by T. S. Eliot from 1922 to 1939. Price is $200 the set until March 15, 1967, after which $225. . . . A new paperback series from Oxford University Press, Opus Books, will include several reprints from the fine old "Home University Library." Among the first are Belloc's *The French Revolution,* Logan Piersall Smith's *The English Language* and Chesterton's *The Victorian Age in Literature.* Opus Books debut this month, at $1.85 each. . . . Tolkien's *Rings* trilogy is being reprinted in hardcover, from the revised Ballantine paperback edition (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95 per volume). . . . A turn-of-the-century favorite about growing up in early Indiana, Charles Major's *The Bears of Blue River,* is being reissued by Bobbs-Merrill for the Hoosier sesquicentennial. Outlanders should acquire the book forasmuch as it has an introduction by Indiana's delightful governor, Roger Branigan, who hates airplanes and billboards.

● MOVIES: Dennis Weaver is cast for the lead in Ivan Tors' film version of *Gentle Ben.* . . . Carlo Ponti may do a flick of Brecht's *Mother Courage,* starring, yes, Sophia Loren. But it hasn't jelled yet. Neither has she. . . . Also unjelled is exactly what movie Cantinflas will make for Desi Arnaz—he's under contract, but no vehicle has been picked. . . . Next war comedy will be Universal's *Meanwhile, Far from the Front,* to star Paul Newman as a super goldbricker. . . . Charlie Brown will shine in *A Boy For All Seasons,* a full-length animated film being made by the creators of those somewhat disappointing Peanuts TV specials—of which, by the way, the third—*It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown*—will be aired Thursday, October 27 by CBS.

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the most serious duties will keep a reader from going all the way to the end once he's hooked around page 3. In the old days a commission in the Egyptian police depended in part on the candidate's passing an examination in Sherlock Holmes; Mr. Marlowe (suspicious name!) is no doubt already in the syllabi of seminars holden at Whitehall and the offices, wherever they are, of the Fourth International.

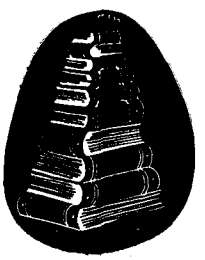
PETRU DUMITRIU, a Rumanian who writes in French, is one of those professional worriers for whom a novel is a thesis and its characters lines of force to be plotted on a graph. Hence the characters are straitjacketed into their symbolic costumes from the beginning. The heroine is the beautiful body waiting to be filled with a soul. There are no heroes—but, among the men, there are the Capitalist who has gained the world only; the Saint who can't decide whether the monastery or the hospital is his proper place; the Skeptic who must murder the Saint to see if he really does have a conscience that will trouble him (he does); and so on. The setting is an anonymous city (Brussels, perhaps), in which an improbable array of Symbolic Characters all seem to know each other in an improbably chatty way.

The plot is not pretty. Betrayals, maimings, murders, seductions, martyrdoms—the vastations spread like plague. For Mr. Dumitriu the East is paralyzed by tyranny, the West by self-consuming greed. Man everywhere is a rat. Mr. Dumitriu's hard look at moral confusion would have been more communicable if he had not told us too much. He has made it all too clear, has gone behind too many scenes, explained too many motives. The transparency of the thesis renders the plot opaque.

The Books Must Balance

FRITZ LEIBER

ISAAC ASIMOV has achieved a remarkable if not unique dual success in writing fiction and serious scientific books. And that "serious" does not mean obscure or reserved for the specialist. With other stores of energy, which he draws from secret reservoirs, Dr. Asimov has become associate professor of biochemistry at Boston University School of Medicine, where he has carried on extensive research in nucleic acid and cancer. But the nucleus of which Dr. Asimov writes in this book—the nucleus where the neutrino plays its ghostly role—is not the nucleus of the tissue cell, but the vastly tinier one of the atom.



Ever since consciousness emerged, perhaps in some crisis of dread or longing, men have wondered what reality underlay the sensations that are the entire fabric, whether gossamer as moonlight or searing as ultimate pain, of our lives. By their actions and through experience, men became aware in a general way of their powers and limitations. By language they began to share their knowledge and their inner selves. But this was and in many ways still is a ghostly sort of communication: shells of consciousness brightly walled on the inside by sensations, yet coexisting in a dark and unknown ground.

But what lay behind matter that looked and felt solid or as empty as air? For millennia philosophers made more or less educated and elegant guesses. Then about three hundred years ago precision instruments permitting more and more exact measurements allowed scientists to make rigorous deductions about realms beyond even the vision of the newly invented microscope. It was established that all matter, solid or airy, consisted of rather less than a hundred elements, each existing in tiny indivisible atoms.

Then, less than a hundred years ago, electrical machines and radioactivity began to divide the indivisible. An astonishing temporary simplification was achieved: it appeared that all atoms of all elements

The Neutrino: Ghost Particle of the Atom, by Isaac Asimov. Doubleday, $4.95

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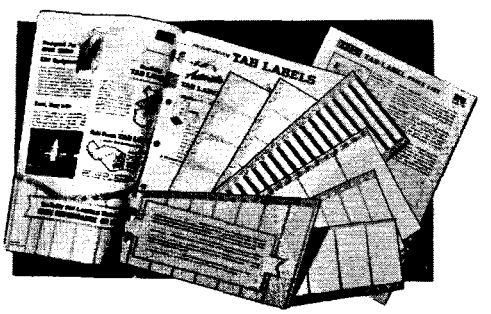

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consisted of tiny electrons whirring envelopingly at relatively astronomical distances around tiny dense nuclear "suns" consisting of a mixture of electrons and the heavier protons. And electrons were also the stuff of electricity. Add the fuzzy-edged weightless particles called photons—the stuff of light and all other radiation—and the picture of the dark stuff of the ground between the sensation shells of conscious minds was both complete and elegant. And what a wonderfully lacy fabric it turned out to be!

BUT AS USUAL a new simplicity was the prelude to a new complexity. Rather reluctantly, scientists had to admit the existence of more and more different basic particles—because even more important than the elegance of a solution is the guiding principle that the books of nature must balance. Energy, to begin with, must be conserved—you must never end with more or less than you start out with, matter, incidentally, being merely a frozen form or special case of energy —the dreadful storage battery of the nuclear bomb. Other quantities had to be conserved: electric charge, momentum, and angular momentum or spin.

It was noticed that in certain collisions and transformations of particles, the books simply didn't balance in the energy, momentum, and spin columns. In 1931 it was suggested that the books could be balanced perfectly by assuming the existence of a fantastic particle that might remain forever undetectable by instrumental means. This particle would have energy and spin, but no electrical charge. It would move as fast as the photons of radiations, at the ultimate possible speed, yet unlike those long, fuzzy-edged particles, it would be so tiny or compact that the chances of observing it make a hit on any other particle would become vanishingly rare. This truly ghost particle was named the neutrino or "little neutron" and despite its undetectability its existence was accepted—because the books must balance. The physicists' faith in the neutrino was not that of mystics, but bankers.

Like most other particles of the growing flock, the neutrino had its antiparticle, the antineutrino, differing from it in having an opposite spin. Atomic fission was discovered, making entirely new experiments pos-

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sible. In 1956, using an atomic reactor giving off a million million million antineutrinos a second and a very delicate set-up, the existence of the antineutrino was finally proven.

The sun, fired by fusion rather than fission, throws off neutrinos—and in such vast numbers that each square centimeter of the earth's cross-section receives sixty thousand million solar neutrinos a second. Using neutrino telescopes located deep in the earth where few other particles can penetrate, the existence of the neutrino was fairly well established in 1965.

I have a personal confession here. My imagination had never really been able to accept modern physics' picture of the laciness of solid rock and metal. But the thought of all those solar neutrinos flashing through the earth almost as if it weren't there has finally convinced me.

THE ABOVE is the barest sketch of Asimov's book. I trust the good doctor will pardon me because the logical progression of his argument tempted me to attempt a précis. Not that the book has any legal drone about it. There are many flashes of illumination. For instance, it set me right on the spin of particles, which is always measured in one-halfs. Why, for goodness sake, I would ask myself? One half spin sounds downright silly. Turns out that the photon has a spin of unity, while the electron has just half as much. The whole business now sounds much more sensible to me.

And there are points that tempt one to metaphysical speculation. For instance, it appears that whatever is not expressly forbidden in the universe must happen somewhere. But I don't think this should set us wondering about the moral or psychical order of things. The dark ground between our brightly lit but dissevered personal consciousnesses has been beautifully filled in, but that is all.

A good deal of the matter of this book is also treated in the chapters on Elements, Particles, Waves, and the Reactor in Volume I of Asimov's *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Science*. But there the exposition is looser. For some readers it may serve as a good introduction to this more closely reasoned book, for others a supplement. I seem to be picking up a new habit of thought here: the books must balance.

Wheels with Flat Tires

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

THE SHOCK I FEEL in reading these books has less to do with their contents, which are common, than with their authors, who are eminent. Mr. (Ph.D.) Lecht is Director of the National Goals Project of the Center for Priority Analysis of the National Planning Association. Mr. (Ph.D.) Tobin is a Professor of Economics at Yale University. The jacket of Mr. Tobin's book carries a seductive notice of the availability of Mr. Triffin's book. Mr. Triffin (Ph.D.) is a Professor of Economics at Yale University. The jacket of Mr. Triffin's book carries a charming notice of the availability of Mr. Tobin's book. We are, in short, dealing with The Wheels.

Now just as it is the first duty of a wheel to be round, so it is the first call of intellect (Ph.D.) to make sense. It is true, as any of us knows who has spent a year or two on a college campus, that doctorates can be rained upon the incompetent. Cause for sadness there, but by now in these days of our decadence there is no shock. I confess that I am shocked, however, by these very same incompetent gentry when they tell me in so many words that they feel no obligation at all to make sense. Mr. (Ph.D.) Lecht undertook to study past trends in order to extrapolate them towards future possibilities; these possibilities he called the "goals" identified by "our" group; "our" stopped meaning his group and started meaning this nation; now his statistical games become

Goals, Priorities, and Dollars: The Next Decade, by Leonard A. Lecht. Free Press, $6.95

National Economic Policy, by James Tobin. Yale, $5.00

The World Money Maze: National Currencies in International Payments, by Robert Triffin. Yale, $12.50

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semi-official requirements laid upon "our nation"; if "we" should fall short, "we" shall be to blame (and this book is the talk of the town in Washington); and will there be anyone, will there even be Dr. Lecht, to remind us that "our goals" in his sense had nothing to do really with "our goals" in the Wayne Morse sense?

Dr. Tobin admits complacently that his chapters "doubtless reveal some inconsistencies. . . But I stand by the general point of view." (Two plus two makes seven, two plus two makes eleven; but in any case I have always been in favor of two plus two.)

Dr. Triffin introduces his book with a back-of-the-hand for "mere internal logic," and promises to give us nothing but the inspiration of "empirical observations"—even though, a few paragraphs later, he assumes the role of Solomon, and makes laws for you and me: "The task that confronts us is not to choose between alternative forums for collective decisions, but rather to delineate the minimum jurisdiction that needs and can be assigned to broader and broader collective groups, and the maximum jurisdiction that may be safely left to smaller collectivities, and to the individual himself." We should all be very happy that Dr. Triffin had the inspiration, off there at the end of his imperial sentence, to consider that the individual might have a realm of jurisdiction beyond the reach of Dr. Triffin's hands. We should be infinitely thankful that Dr. Triffin is a professor at Yale and is not President of the United States. When Dr. Triffin flaunts his predilections behind the banner of insouciance towards "mere internal logic," then we have the *imperator summus*. The man who takes not only his word (which may be logos, may be logical, may be therefore true) but his whim (which departs from logos) as Command.

These are terrifying books, if you read them with the back of your mind made sensitive to the requirements of personal liberty. I have not asked Leonard Lecht to plan *my* 1975 for me, and yet he has plans for 1975, and those plans are national, and that includes me. Is there some way for me to plan for Leonard Lecht to disappear between now and 1975? No. We can laugh him off stage, though; and that's all we need to do in order to protect our kind of freedom from his kind of encroachment.

James Tobin is simply wrong. I made three pages of notes concerning the errors in his book—and this before I reached his twentieth page. He is satisfied with such a performance ("some inconsistencies. . . But I stand by the general point of view"), but I am not. This is slovenly, sophomoric, slipshod, slapdash, publish-or-perish academic trash, and James Tobin should be ashamed of himself for putting his name to it. It has neither rhyme nor reason, its author claims neither rhyme nor reason for it, and it simply comes floating off the nicely subsidized presses of Ivy University as if we should pay court to it. It should be despised, because it is despicable. Master Tobin should be granted life tenure lest he be tempted to publish again.

Robert Triffin has collected 600 pages of old essays, unpublished letters to the editor, intramural memoranda, midnight jottings, and such stuff, and introduces it all with a disclaimer along the lines mentioned earlier. It is his; and therefore great. It is incoherent; and therefore interesting. It is also without an index; and in a book of 600 pages that is a fault that can be charged only to a publisher who would be ashamed to collect under any one title the various comments made in the text. We may assume that the Yale Press has a vestige of conscience in it. It has fallen into printing the scraps from professorial wastebaskets, but it considers itself slightly above the business of making an index for those scraps. Bully for Yale.

These books are so childish that it would be unfair to invite a serious study of them. But I must open the door to one aspect of them that the serious economist should peruse at his leisure. It has to do with inflation. By my count there are fourteen different significations of the word "inflation" in these books. I suppose "inflation" is to Establishment economists as "democracy" was to John Dewey. In any case it is cause for comment when one word is made to do such heavy, ambiguous, and even self-defeating duty.

But there is cause for hope. The Establishment may be established, but it may be no more established than a dead oak, waiting for the next heavy storm. When books on urban renewal can be written without even mentioning the studies of Martin Anderson; when works on welfarism ig-

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nore the writings of Richard Cornuelle; when monetary studies do the sidestep around Milton Friedman—then the ostriches are identified, and life has a way of bypassing the ostriches. The Establishment is, in certain matters of the intellect, laying itself to rest. I for one will be content to bid it a peaceful rest, and to mutter quietly to myself, and maybe to you if you're on wave, as the British say: Good Riddance.

TV in Review

Primarily a Guy

C. H. SIMONDS

THE UNCONSCIOUS conservatives who inhabit the garage where I have my car serviced declined to believe me when I told them, as did the tennis-shod little old lady upstairs, but I saw it happen so I know it's true. To be sure, the kiss was a purely avuncular peck bestowed on an early-adolescent cheek—bestowed so quickly, indeed, that I missed it last season and only recently caught it on a summer re-run—but it was nevertheless a card-carrying kiss, and it was given to a Caucasian female by a Negro male, aha!

Now, the remarkable thing is that the incident seemed so unremarkable while it was happening. There was the American businessman's daughter saying goodnight to the grownups, and there was her nice tennis teacher, Bill (Alexander Scott) Cosby, and—peck! Moments later everyone was chasing everyone else through the streets of Tokyo on matters of espionage—that, rather than racial crisis, being the meat of the series *I Spy*.

Remarking later on the unremarkability of it all, I reminded myself that ten or even five years ago it would not have been permitted to happen—and that, were the young lady a bit older, it almost certainly wouldn't be permitted to happen today. While the Negro remains generally invisible on our telescreens, steps have been taken—including a giant one by Cosby. I refer not merely to that cheekpeck, but to the far more significant phenomenon that television has given to a white hero a black sidekick who shuffles not, nor does he sing Comical Dark Songs. Indeed, the *I Spy* format makes the sidekick relationship a purely superficial one: Robinson and Scott are in fact full partners. Moreover, so are the actors who portray them: both provide comic relief (often simultaneously); each is given frequent cracks at serious acting. Only in the romance department does Culp come out ahead: he always gets to nuzzle the cute numbers. But then, it works out the same way with Robert Vaughn and David McCallum: Illya seldom makes out. (*N.B.*: Cosby, as Scott, does romp occasionally with Oriental beauties; the television industry being what it is, I suppose that's an Enormous Concession.)

The pros and cons of interracial romance are in any case not the core of the Negro Problem, whatever screamers on both extremes would have us believe. I think it was James Baldwin who, in one of his moments of petulance, shrieked: "I'm not a

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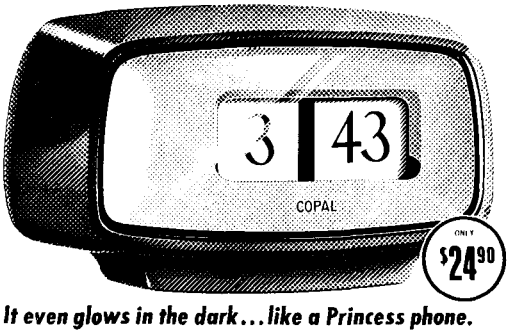

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Nigger, I'm a man!" James, meet Bill. Cosby's great achievement is that he has succeeded in Just Being A Guy —on television. Nat King Cole wasn't a guy, he was a real good singer. Sammy Davis Jr. isn't a guy, he's a whirling Dervish *magna cum* that good old sense of music and rhythm. Sidney Poitier is seldom seen on video.

Cosby is not primarily a Negro, he is primarily a guy; that is, watching along, one does not notice him *as a Negro* but as a rough, tough, generous, loyal, fine, funny fellow. Compare *I Spy* with those meticulously integrated commercials which, one suspects, are cast with both eyes firmly glued to the population charts. Eleven per cent of the boys in the factory or the diners in the restaurant or the urchins in the parks are Negroes—oh, *boy,* are they Negroes! If Brand X ever has a commercial wherein ten members of the ladies' auxiliary of the Mildew County, Georgia, Ku Klux Klan extol the product's mildness to hands, you can just bet that 1.1 of those gals are going to be Negroes. Of course, actors in commercial spots or brief crowd scenes (another prime area of TV tokenism) don't come across as people in the round; therefore, their color is instantly noticeable. Characters in dramatic programs do (sometimes, sometimes) —hence, Cosby's quiet contribution to making the Negro American visible. It's unfortunate that the series has to take place in distant climes to be believable, but that's showbiz.

Comes now Sheldon Leonard, producer of the *I Spy* series, for whom two cheers. He told *Variety* recently that he "would like to do more in terms of race relations, patriotism and other current issues." Uh-oh. Certainly, *I Spy* could become a platform, and Leonard could sell the delightful birthright Cosby has given the show for a pot of message. Watch and pray, viewers! Mealy-mouthed gradualism is as a rule a poor approach, but why spoil an obviously good thing? Let's not have an episode exposing the alleged wickedness of the South African government, or one in which Cosby and the peachy-cream heiress to a plastic magnolia fortune fall hopelessly into doomed love. When *I Spy* came out last year, only two or three Dixie stations refused to air the show, and there seem to have been no major ructions since. Start preaching, and three things will happen: the ignorant will arm themselves in more ignorance and make trouble, the series will become tiresome and forced, and Cosby will cease to be the delightful chap he is now.

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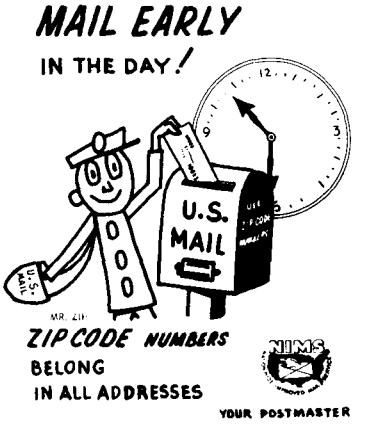
BOOKS IN BRIEF

AMERICA IN THE MARKET PLACE, by Paul Douglas (Holt, $7.95). The Illinois Democratic Senator, who used to teach economics, addresses himself to international trade, United States payments problem, and the choices open to policy-makers. He starts with a very gem of analytic prose, explaining the benefits of international specialization and therefore the necessity of maximum international economic freedom (with a gracious bow to Adam Smith). He advocates *total* Western embargo of Soviet Russia. So far so good. The central weakness of his book is the absence of any serious discussion of the interplay between a country's internal *monetary* policies and its external payments position. No mention of inflation, price indices, terms of trade. Safely blindered, the Senator finds it easy to lay the blame on tourism, capital movements, and so on; and to wind up with a proposal for yet one more newly created hybrid "international currency" to be handed back and forth by official insiders only. From such a fine start, to fall into the old weary *dirigisme* again—well, I suppose that's why Illinois also has Dirksen.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

HOW TO ARGUE WITH A CONSERVATIVE, by Neil Staebler and Douglas Ross (Grossman, $4.95). This book would be more appropriately entitled "How Not to Argue with Anyone Intelligent," although, of course, this is hardly what its Liberal Democratic authors had in mind. But the fact remains that in their assault on conservative positions, Staebler and Ross use reasoning methods that would be an embarrassment to any serious college logic student. For example, did you know that because the speed limit applies to all drivers, participation in Social Security must be required of all citizens? And so it goes throughout this tract. In fairness to the authors, there are some thought-provoking exceptions but not many. In general, then, the interest in this book should be confined to the beleaguered conservative who wants reassurance that the American Liberal is as intellectually vulnerable as ever.

R. T. P. DAVIS



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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. Fancy name for one of the three R's

B. Put in circulation

C. Language used by Jewish theologians in early medieval times

D. One who loves his own country

E. If we refuse to learn this, in or out of school, we have to repeat it

F. One who plays against the regulars in baseball spring training

G. Mental disorder in general

H. To apprehend the meaning of

I. What everything isn't, even these days

J. Slogan of the Gold Dust Twins

K. Enlargement

L. It takes nerve to dance this way

WORDS

26 82 99 152 188 138 89 185 11 124 52

35 90 189 201 63 207 73

175 53 46 92 129 34 1 64

101 91 193 148 84 18 194

111 125 2 149 74 209 100

128 3 106 116 131 20 171 199

146 186 154 140 65 93 44 211 76 165 172

19 132 136 21 119 66 107 142 161 155

210 24 166 49 41 176 204 157 6 121 4

110 36

83 56 98 50 222 217 144 22 122 37 94

190

97 51 68 216 86 180 102 221 23

120 7 25 112 160 57 38 145 206 126 223

200

DEFINITIONS

M. A snub

N. Harmonious proportion or movement

O. Restriction

P. Birthplace of Napoleon

Q. Fondness or taste for something

R. Pertaining to fishes

S. What L. Frank Baum wrote

T. Parasitic insects

U. Worthless

V. Unscramble OTTO TENTH

W. Conveyed outward, as a nerve impulse

X. Character in The Fair Penitent

Y. A medicine man (Algonquian)

Z. A good way to see

a. A French composer

WORDS

141 27 54 79 109 177

153 192 103 8 58 195 182 77

187 9 197 69 87 39 95 118 108 28

220 113 147 29 104 156 174

12 30 55 71 219

62 212 88 127 59 150 208 218

67 85 117 78 114 213 10

75 48 13 40

130 14 123 133 143 60 31

134 139 32 151 70 158 167 203 205

178 214 173 105 42 135 184 159

47 162 168 115 15 80 33 181

191 169 163 179 198 164

196 72 43 16 215 81 202 137

5 183 61 45 96 170 17

See page 1011 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 C		2 E	3 F	4 I	5 a		6 I	7 L	8 N
	9 O	10 S		11 A	12 Q		13 T	14 U	15 X	16 Z		17 a	18 D	19 H		20 F
21 H	22 J	23 K	24 I	25 L	26 A	27 M	28 O		29 P	30 Q	31 U	32 V	33 X	34 C	35 B	36 I
	37 J	38 L		39 O	40 T	41 I		42 W	43 Z	44 G	45 a	46 C	47 X	48 T	49 I	50 J
51 K	52 A		53 C	54 M	55 Q	56 J	57 L		58 N	59 R	60 U		61 a	62 R	63 B	64 C
65 G		66 H	67 S	68 K	69 O	70 V	71 Q	72 Z		73 B	74 E	75 T	76 G		77 N	78 S
79 M		80 X	81 Z	82 A	83 J	84 D	85 S	86 K		87 O	88 R	89 A	90 B		91 D	92 C
93 G	94 J	95 O		96 a	97 K	98 J	99 A	100E		101D	102K	103N	104P	105W	106F	107H
	108O	109M		110I	111E	112L		113P	114S	115X	116F		117S	118O	119H	120L
121I		122J	123U	124A	125E	126L	127R	128F		129C	130U		131F	132H		133U
134V	135W		136H	137Z	138A	139V	140G	141M	142H	143U	144J	145L		146G	147P	148D
149E	150R		151V	152A	153N	154G		155H	156P	157I	158V	159W		160L	161H	162X
163Y		164Y	165G	166I	167V		168X	169Y		170a	171F	172G		173W	174P	175C
	176I		177M	178W	179Y		180K	181X	182N	183a	184W	185A	186G		187O	188A
189B	190J		191Y	192N	193D		194D	195N	196Z		197O	198Y	199F	200L	201B	202Z
	203V	204I		205V	206L	207B	208R	209E		210I	211G	212R	213S		214W	215Z
216K		217J		218R	219Q	220P	221K	222J	223L							

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WAUGH

(Continued from p. 996)

"I'm sorry. I don't know him."

"Who's got the villa Hibiscus?"

"I've no idea."

"What about Mrs. ———?"

Again I shook my head. An incredulous look came into their faces. "But you haven't seen Capri at all?"

"On the contrary," I retorted. "That's exactly what I have. I've seen Capri; not the people who happen to be living there just now."

That, I think, is the wise way to see Italy. I would not want to see Istanbul like that, or Beirut or Bangkok or Morocco. But Italy is different: there is where it all began, for nearly all of us. We need to be reminded of our sources. We are wise to loiter in Italy, as the tourist does, to look at this gallery and that cathedral, to rediscover and thus recreate ourselves. Most of us who are over fifty feel that it is prudent every eighteen months to take a short dietary cure; we could all do worse, mentally, every so often, than assign ourselves two weeks in Italy.

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 963)

What is a Christian? To be a Christian one must definitely believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and you can't believe that without first believing in God. It is a well-known fact that Unitarians are not considered Christians because they do not believe in the Divinity of Christ. It's as simple as that. Christianity and non-belief in Christ as the Son of God, and in God the Father, are incompatible. You can be as ethically religious as you like but under those conditions cannot claim to be a Christian.

I find this "God is Dead" philosophy, passing under the guise of intellectuality, both stupid and unintelligent. It has the odor of decadence.

It didn't take this outrage to inspire me to "reflect upon the kind of world into which we are thrown," and if I may be forgiven, I am not "appropriately grateful."

Forest Hills, N.Y. MRS. A. E. BONBRAKE

Reader to Reader

Although I have a rather low opinion of Professor DeKoster's pamphlet on the John Birch Society, it is not on this account that I am writing to comment on his answer to Professor Philip Crane [Letters, Sept. 20]. Rather I am impelled to write by the good professor's self-advertising, specifically his plug for his *Vocabulary of Communism*. This is a field in which I profess to some slight intellectual competence. The sad fact of the matter is that Professor DeKoster's book is a scholarly disaster area. It is grossly inadequate in coverage. Its definitions are shoddy and imprecise. Its author betrays on every page hopeless incomprehension of the phenomenon of Communism, both in its theoretical and practical manifestations.

Woodstock, N.Y. FRANK S. MEYER

As a retired Navy CPO who has observed the transition from pre-World War II austerity to the postwar relative affluence in the naval service, I would like to comment on the idea that we can buy an "elite military service," as suggested by your correspondent David Michael Myers [Aug. 9].

There's a psychological factor which makes a vital difference in military and industrial hiring. The industrial technician can become fat and prosperous without adverse effect on his work, but the military man may be required to forget family, fat salary and possessions and risk his hide under conditions that affluent living has made him both reluctant and unprepared to do. Under such conditions it is the harum-scarum kid rather than the security-minded technician who is much less likely to hesitate. War necessarily means sacrifice (so does preparation for it), therefore a policy of recruitment based on cash and security considerations is a contradiction.

Elko, Nev. W. F. STROJIE

If Reader Alfred Whittaker [August 9] insists upon relying on Justice Holmes' classic epigrammatic *faus pas* in *Buck* v. *Bell* ("prevent our being swamped with incompetence", and "three generations of imbeciles are enough") for his justification of sterilization, he ought at least acknowledge the authority Justice Holmes indirectly relied upon, to wit, The American Eugenic Society. The latter, in 1926, included in its "model law" for sterilization the following "inadequate" classes: (1) feeble-minded; (2) insane (including the psychopathic); (3) criminalistic (including the delinquent and wayward); (4) epileptic; (5) inebriate (including drug habitués); (6) diseased (including the tuberculous, the syphilitic, the leprous, and others with chronic, infectious, and legally segregable diseases); (7) blind (including those with seriously impaired vision); (8) deaf (including those with seriously impaired hearing); (9) deformed (including the crippled); and (10) dependent (including orphans, ne'er-do-wells, the homeless, tramps, and paupers).

I suppose the issue becomes, who gets to play judge?

Bloomington, Ind. JOHN E. TENER
Indiana University
School of Law

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (September 20)

ALAN L. OTTEN

WHO'S AFRAID, ETC.:

"We shiver every time there's a headline saying 'Ford blasts LBJ,'" declares a Ford motor company official, only half in jest. "We're always afraid Lyndon won't read down the story and see that it's Gerry Ford and not Henry."

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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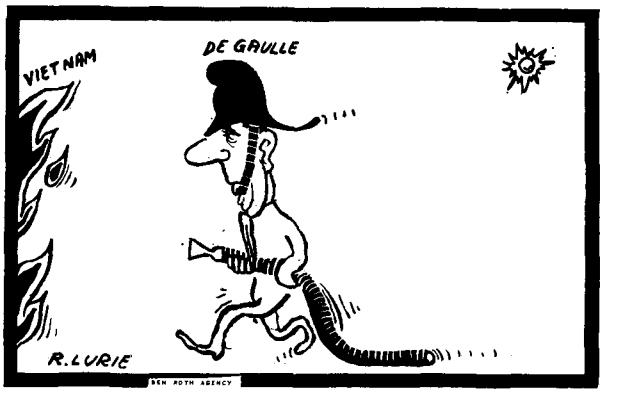
For The Record

Visit here of Philippine president Ferdinand Marcos recalls his recent statement that Communist terrorists in Luzon are getting massive help in arms and equipment stolen or purchased illegally from U.S. bases in the Philippines. Over 60 local officials refusing to collaborate with insurgents have been liquidated in the last several months. . . . Sour grape Juan Bosch, defeated by Joaquín Balaguer in June, senses trouble brewing. Says Bosch, "The Dominican case showed that democratic revolutions cannot be made (in Latin America) and revolution is inevitable." . . . Friends of Rhodesia hawking mail-order bonds direct from Salisbury.

With the referendum on New York City's civilian-dominated police review board coming up November 8, patrolmen are wondering whether sudden crackdown on illegally parked cars isn't intended to queer the Finest with the voters. . . . Sen. George Murphy of California is given a better chance than Sen. Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania to succeed Sen. Thruston Morton of Kentucky as chairman of GOP Senate Campaign Committee. While Scott's been liberalizing, Murphy's been moderating. . . . George Hirsch of Time, Inc. will head up the Javits-for-Vice-President drive now getting into gear, and Sen. Clifford Case (R., N.J.) prefers a Javits-Romney ticket. That's right, in that order.

Heelcoolers: USSR Communist Party organ Pravda has confirmed that cosmonauts Leonov and Belyayev spend two days and nights inside Voskhod 2 in a snow covered forest before rescue after their space flight. . . . Friday abstinence from meat abolished for Catholics in Italy, North Africa, Spain, Mexico. . . . There were four as-yet-unexplained deaths in recent weeks among witnesses to the Kennedy assassination and the shooting of Officer Tippit. Grim coincidence: William Whaley, who was helpful to the Warren Commission, and Lee Bowers, who was helpful to Mark Lane (author of Rush to Judgment, a critique of the Warren Commission Inquiry), died in separate, suspicious automobile accidents. The Lane book, incidentally, has sold 90,000 copies as of September 19. . . . Robert Kennedy said (by Lane) to have wired English historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, who denigrates the Warren Commission report, telling him to keep up the good work. And, the word goes, those who have seen the manuscript of the William Manchester book, commissioned by the Kennedy family and supposedly definitive, are wondering how much of it will get into print. It's said to be sharply critical of Lyndon Johnson. . . . On the subject of best-sellers, Hungary's latest—by Sandor Nagradi—recounts history of the Stalinist clique in Hungarian Communism during and following World War II. This is the first memoir of the period to be published by a high-ranking Party member.

Lurie-Yedioth Ahroneth — Ben Roth Agency



The Twain Meets: So many Turks are employed by the German railroad industry that railway authorities have acquired two mobile mosques equipped with compartments for ritual ablutions and a compass pointing the way to Mecca.

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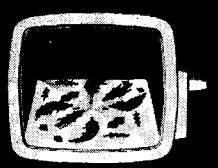

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